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BARRY CORNWALL.

In the garden of death, where the singers
 whose names are deathless
 One with another make music unheard of
 men,
 Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips
 long breathless,
 And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not
 or change again,
 Who comes now crowned with the blossom of
 snow-white years?
 What music is this that the world of the dead
 men hears?

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were
 honey,
 Whose name in our ears and our fathers'
 ears was sweet,
 Like summer gone forth of the land his songs
 made sunny,
 To the beautiful veiled bright world where
 the glad ghosts meet,
 Child, father, bridegroom and bride, and an-
 guish and rest,
 No soul shall pass of a singer than this more
 blest.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled
 and brightened,
 As a forest with birds, with the fruit and
 the flower of his song;
 For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their
 cares were lightened,
 For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered
 his name so long;
 By the living and dead lips blest that have
 loved his name,
 And clothed with their praise and crowned
 with their love for fame.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that
 close not,
 That shrink not by day for heat or for cold
 by night,
 As a thought in the heart shall increase when
 the heart's self knows not,
 Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our
 eyes as a light;
 Shall wax with the years that wane and the
 seasons' chime,
 As a white rose thornless that grows in the
 garden of time.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with
 another,
 And men sit sad that were glad for their
 sweet songs' sake;
 The same year beckons, and elder with younger
 brother
 Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we
 all shall take.
 They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows
 be come;
 And the birds are loud, but the lips that out-
 sang them dumb.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair
 names and famous,
 To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet
 bosom of death;
 But the flower of their souls he shall take not
 away to shame us,
 Nor the lips lack song forever that now lack
 breath.
 For with us shall the music and perfume that
 die not dwell,
 Though the dead to our dead bid welcome,
 and we farewell.

SWINBURNE.

TWO SCHOOLBOYS.

Two schoolboys on their way to school
 I day by day was meeting;
 Yet tho' I met them day by day,
 We each and all pursued our way
 Nor changed a friendly greeting.

At last I got to nod and smile,
 To smile they, too, were willing;
 And then I used to stop and stand,
 And often shake them by the hand,
 And sometimes tip a shilling.

Till it became a daily treat
 To meet these morning scholars:
 I loved to see their merry looks,
 Tho' schoolward bound, with bag of books,
 Bright cheeks, and shining collars.

Soon came the summer holidays,
 And when they were half over,
 I took a trip to Germany,
 And three months passed away ere I
 Recrossed the Straits of Dover.

Again I took that old, old walk,
 What time the leaves were yellow;
 The autumn day was very still —
 Just at the bottom of the hill
 I met *one* little fellow.

He hailed me with a joyful cry
 Of joyfulest delectation:
 I laughed to see him laughing so, —
 "But where's our friend?" "What! don't
 you know?
 He died in the vacation."

How was it that I turned aside,
 With rough, abruptest bearing?
 No matter; on the instant I
 Turned off, nor even said, "Good-bye,"
 And left the youngster staring.
 Spectator.

M.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THE CONSTITUTION OF NORWAY.

ALTHOUGH the crowns of Norway and Sweden have been united for upwards of sixty years, although the interests of the two countries are almost identical and their religion the same, and although no new questions have arisen to give increased force to the still existing causes of the separation of feeling, Norwegians and Swedes are now as far from being fused into one nation as at any time during the long centuries when their armies were frequently opposed. The memory of the old conflicts still survives, and the national sentiment, stronger perhaps in Norway than in Sweden, steadily rejects the idea of any closer union than that which at present exists, and which does not permit either nation directly to influence the internal politics of the other. A jealousy of Sweden, springing from the repeated attempts at annexation, and, it may be, intensified by the earlier prosperity and greater natural wealth of the eastern half of the peninsula, still lingers in the minds of the Norwegians, but is at present of little weight in the intercourse between the two countries. This feeling would, however, at once become a living and active force, if a union of the countries, such as was effected between England and Scotland by the Treaty of Union, were proposed. No such proposal could be made at present with any prospect of success, nor, indeed, for many years to come is it likely to be made on the part of the Norwegians, while any proposal emanating from Sweden would be at once rejected. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the abatement of the former open jealousies, and the consequent growth and interchange of friendly feeling, the indirect influence of Sweden, which necessarily resulted from the union of the crowns, has had little effect in modifying the laws, customs, and usages to which the Norwegians are deeply and patriotically attached. The reasons for this strongly developed national feeling are not far to seek, and are, at least, as influential now as at any previous period of Norwegian history. It is not so easy to assign their relative position to the different causes which still tend to keep the Norse-

men apart from their Swedish fellow-subjects, or to determine which of them are losing or are likely to lose their importance.

The first place, probably, should be given to the difference of language, a difference which strikes a foreigner as comparatively slight, but which is yet sufficient to place a great impediment in the way of a thorough amalgamation of the two peoples. The Norwegian and Swedish languages are, it is true, so nearly akin, that the educated classes of both countries understand one another with little difficulty; but, at the same time, so many peculiarities and distinctions exist, and each language has taken so much a bent of its own, that the literature of the one country does not circulate freely in the other. The literature of Sweden, too, rarely penetrates into the country districts, where the numerous dialects, the relics of centuries of isolation, and bearing more resemblance in their archaic forms to the ancient Icelandic than to the modern Swedish, shut off the peasants from the influence of Swedish literature, and confine them to the perusal of a few Norwegian works, principally on religious subjects. The writings of Swedish authors would, certainly, have been more read and would have produced more effect in gradually obliterating the difference of language, had it not been for the long connection of Norway with Denmark, which till the beginning of this century made the Norwegians almost wholly dependent upon Copenhagen for literature and science. As a first result of this connection, the written language of Norway is identical or almost identical with Danish, and in the next place, when a native literature appeared, as a matter of course, it formed itself to a large extent upon Danish models, though it after a time endeavored to work out a character of its own. The spoken language has always been somewhat nearer to the Swedish than the Danish language is. It is a common remark that a Norwegian can converse freely with Swedes and Danes, who find difficulty in understanding one another. Norwegian is, however, very much nearer Danish than Swedish, and the continual commercial as well as literary intercourse between the Norwegian towns and Copenhagen

tends to maintain the old relation of the languages.

In the next place, the difference in regard to the ownership of land, and the land customs, have much to do in preserving the Norwegian independence. There is no class of wealthy landowners, as in Sweden. The whole land belongs to peasant proprietors, who gain a hard subsistence from an ungrateful soil, but who are strongly attached to the old laws and usages of Norway, and would not willingly see them subjected to Swedish influences. The towns of Norway are few in number, and do not occupy so important a position as in Sweden, and thus, while the commercial classes are more open to foreign influence of every kind, their power is limited, and the peasants look with suspicion on novelties which have gained the support of the towns. The great mass of the peasant proprietors live quiet and uneventful lives, with little intercourse with the outer world, and feel but slight interest in the questions which agitate more densely populated and wealthier countries. They are not easily induced to change the customs under which they have lived, and with the advantages of which they are satisfied. A union with Sweden would launch them on a sea of unknown changes, and the benefits from a closer union are not of a kind to appeal to their imagination, while the dangers to which their cherished customs would be exposed are very real and apparent to their eyes.

All these causes co-operate to maintain the separation and internal independence of Norway. Some of them will, undoubtedly, grow weaker in time, but only very slowly, while in the mean time they have fostered the growth of a strong national sentiment, which shows itself in nothing more than in the attachment of the people to the constitution. This attachment is, in part, the outcome of the national peculiarities, but it is founded principally on the prominence which the constitution holds in the most eventful epoch of the modern history of Norway. It is warmly regarded not merely as giving a well-considered and practically efficient form of government, under which the interests of the country have been fairly attended to,

but also, altogether apart from its merits, as the work of the patriots who guided Norway safely through the perils of a foreign conquest and an enforced change of allegiance, and who, while unable to vindicate for her people the choice of a sovereign, secured the independence and freedom of Norway by substantial guarantees. The failure to form Norway into a separate State is not now regretted, as the union of the crowns is felt to add to the military strength of both countries, and to be a safeguard against foreign invasion; but, at the same time, the Norwegians would be slow to abandon a constitution which is surrounded by such great historic memories. Under it the internal affairs of the country have not been neglected, and the separation of the countries has not, as yet, exposed either Sweden or Norway to any danger from abroad. It is not, then, surprising that the attachment of the Norwegians to their constitution has only deepened with time, and that in this attachment should be found one of the most formidable obstacles to any amalgamation of Norway and Sweden.

The acquisition of Norway was long an object of ambition to the warlike kings of Sweden. Repeated invasions were repelled by the valor of the Norwegians, who preferred the rule of the kings of Denmark, under which, they thought, they had more security for the enjoyment of their ancient customs. Charles XII. met his death while prosecuting the siege of the border fortress of Frederickshall; and though the invasion of Norway was then abandoned by Sweden, it was rather because the Swedish statesmen were anxious to secure for their country a period of repose, than because they had relinquished the hope of conquest. Gustavus IV., smarting under the loss of Finland, meditated the conquest of Norway, but his ambitious dreams were cut short by his own enforced abdication. The dangers to which Norway was exposed were, however, only postponed. In 1812, when the Grand Alliance was being formed, Sweden, which had unwillingly entered into the Continental system of Napoleon, and had evaded as much as possible its obligations to exclude British manufactures from

Swedish ports, with the result of incurring the suspicion of Napoleon, whose troops invaded Pomerania, then belonging to the Swedish crown, was easily persuaded to ally itself with Russia. Among the obligations and counter obligations undertaken by the contracting parties, the two most important were those by which on the one hand the Swedish government undertook to furnish an army of thirty thousand men to co-operate with the Russian forces against the French in the north of Germany, and on the other hand Russia guaranteed to Sweden the enforced cession of Norway by Denmark, the faithful ally of France, on the conclusion of the war. The terms of the treaty in which this agreement was embodied, were secretly communicated to the British government, which, eager for the downfall of Napoleon, and for the union of the nations of Europe against him, approved of them. Negotiations were opened between the English and Swedish governments, and ultimately the Treaty of Orebro was signed on July 12, 1812, by which England agreed not to oppose the conquest of Norway, and promised the assistance of her fleet if required, but at the same time stipulated that the rights and privileges of the Norwegian people should be respected. In the following year Bernadotte, who had been adopted by Charles XIII. as his successor, invaded Holstein at the head of a Swedish army; and the Danes, being unable to resist his advance, and hopeless of assistance from Napoleon, were obliged to accede to the conditions which he dictated, and which were embodied in the Treaty of Kiel. By this treaty, which was signed on January 14 and February 8, 1814, Norway was ceded to Sweden, and the king of Denmark in a proclamation addressed to his Norwegian subjects released them from their allegiance and advised them to acquiesce in the new order of things. The ancient Norse spirit, however, was not ready tamely to submit to a change of masters, for which the consent of the nation had not been asked; the more so that, notwithstanding the engagements of the Swedish king to respect their rights and privileges, the Norwegian people felt that their liberty and independence were seri-

ously endangered. Everything depended on their own resolution, for they could look to no foreign power for help in this emergency. All the resources of France were not sufficient to beat back the tide of invasion of her own provinces, and Napoleon could spare no troops to protect a country which had furnished so many sailors to man his fleets. England was hampered by the Treaty of Orebro, and seeing much of advantage in the union of the Scandinavian peninsula, was obliged, though half regretfully, to recommend submission. The other European powers were hostile or indifferent. Resistance was, nevertheless, resolved on. Prince Christian Frederick, the heir presumptive to the Danish crown, and governor-general of Norway, was adopted as their sovereign, and was enthusiastically received by the peasants, all determined to fight for their independence, on his journey through the country to Thronthjem. A convention of representatives from all parts of the country was held at Eidswoold, near the southern end of the beautiful Lake Miosen, where measures for the national defence were concerted, and a constitution for the country prepared. The latter was completed in four days, and was passed on May 17, 1814.

Prince Christian was, however, not destined to retain the crown of Norway. A naval defeat was suffered by the Norwegians off the Hualorn Islands, and the crown prince of Sweden advanced rapidly towards Christiania at the head of twenty thousand Swedes, who, in spite of a gallant resistance, drove back the troops assembled by Prince Christian and forced the passage of the Glommen. Bernadotte was about to attack the main body of the Norwegian army at Moss, when Prince Christian, seeing the hopelessness of the struggle, agreed to resign his pretensions before the fortune of war had put it beyond his power to stipulate for conditions advantageous to the people whose cause he had adopted. The courage of the Norwegians had not been displayed in vain; and no decisive battle having been fought, they were enabled to treat for better terms than they might have ventured to ask if their army had been beaten and dispersed.

By the Convention of Moss (August 14, 1814) the struggle was brought to an end, but at the same time substantial guarantees were obtained for the maintenance of the independence of Norway. The withdrawal of Prince Christian left the Norwegians no option but to accept Charles XIII. as their sovereign, though it was stipulated that the election should be made by an extraordinary Storting to be forthwith held. On the other hand, the crown prince, on behalf of the king of Sweden, accepted the constitution of Eidswold, subject to such alterations as the union of the crowns might render necessary. Commissioners were appointed to conduct the ensuing negotiations, and an extraordinary Storting was summoned to ratify the changes in the constitution, and to confirm the stipulations of the Convention of Moss.

This Storting met at Christiania on October 7, 1814, and on the 20th of the same month agreed, not without some dissentient voices, to the union of the two countries under one king, and then proceeded to take into consideration the changes in the constitution thus rendered necessary. The alterations proposed by the royal commissioners were discussed by the Storting, and a new constitution, little differing from that of Eidswold, was prepared, and on November 4, 1814, declared to be substituted in its place. This constitution was confirmed by the crown prince in the name of Charles XIII., and, with the other modifications which have from time to time been made on it, forms the Grundlov, or fundamental law, of the kingdom of Norway. Two other documents, however, occupy an important position in determining the constitution of the country. The first is the Swedish Order of Succession, which the Grundlov adopts as regulating the succession to the Norwegian crown, and by entailing the crown on the same order of heirs, materially lessens the risk of a disputed succession. The second is the Rigsact, to which the king, the Swedish Rigsdag, and the Norwegian Storting were parties, and which settles the constitutional relation of the two countries, and defines the limits within which the respective governments must keep in dealing with questions affecting either or both countries. The new constitution was not accepted without much heart-burning and irritation, especially in the country districts, where the peasants were passionately attached to their country, and resented even the appearance of subjection to Sweden. In

time, however, the new order of things was accepted, and the peasants perceived that, while they had lost the shadow of independence, they had gained a substantial freedom from all control on the part of their Swedish neighbors; and that, while less exposed to the danger of war than formerly, their affairs were as much as, perhaps more than, at any former time under their own guidance, and that the moulding of the future of their country lay in their own hands. This has reconciled them to the present dynasty, but at the same time, has made them thoroughly opposed to any change in the constitution which could by possibility lead to an increase of Swedish influence in the disposal of Norwegian questions, and has kept them jealously alive to the action of the crown.

Norway is declared by the Grundlov to be a free, independent, and indivisible kingdom, united with Sweden under one king, whose authority is defined, and whose power is limited by the constitution. The crown is hereditary in the family of Bernadotte, who was elected crown prince of Sweden in 1810, with a right of succession to the throne on the death of the childless Charles XIII. The order of succession is fixed by the Successions-Ordning, which was enacted by the king and the four Swedish houses of parliament at an extraordinary Rigsdag at Orebro on September 26, 1810, and which, as already stated, is incorporated in the Norwegian constitution. The succession to the throne of Norway is entailed on the eldest son of Bernadotte and his male descendants, excluding not merely females, but mails claiming through females; and on their extinction, the other sons of Bernadotte and their male descendants are entitled to succeed. The throne may become vacant not only through the death of all the male representatives of the king, Charles John, but also through the existing princes having forfeited their right to succeed. This may happen in various ways. In the first place, any prince who does not profess the Protestant faith according to the Confession of Augsburg and the Resolution of the Upsala Assembly of 1593, is excluded from the right of succession. Princes are not permitted to marry except with consent of the king, who cannot give his consent to their marriage with a Swedish subject, or with a foreigner not of a royal house. The king may, however, consent to their marrying a princess of the royal house of Sweden who is not related within the forbidden

degrees. In the event of a prince contracting a marriage in disregard of these rules, he forfeits for himself, his children and his descendants, all right of succession; and the same forfeiture is incurred by a prince, without the consent of the king and the Swedish houses of parliament, becoming the reigning prince of any foreign State, whether by succession, election, or marriage. On the throne becoming vacant in any of these ways, or if the reigning king has no heir entitled to succeed, the election of a new king or of a successor to the crown lies with the Storting in Norway and the Rigsdag in Sweden. To prevent, however, the risk of the two parliaments making choice of separate candidates, the Rigsact defines the course to be followed. The Storting in Norway and the Rigsdag must be summoned to meet on the same day, and within eight days after their opening, the king, or, in the event of his decease, the interim government, must lay before both parliaments on the same day a proposal in regard to the succession. Any member of the Storting or of the Rigsdag is entitled to propose a candidate, but he must do so within a limited time. Each parliament then chooses thirty-six representatives, who together form a joint committee for the ultimate choice of a prince, if any difference between the two countries should arise. The Storting and Rigsdag then proceed on the same day to choose each one prince out of those who have been proposed. If the choice falls on the same individual, the matter is ended; if on different persons, the two committees proceed to Carlstad in Sweden, where they vote for one or other of the two candidates. In order to secure a majority, the chairman, before opening the voting papers, takes out one at random, and lays it aside. The voting papers are then scrutinized, and those which from any cause are inadmissible are destroyed. If the votes are equally divided, the vote which has been laid aside is opened, and decides the question, unless it chance to be inadmissible, when a new voting takes place. By these elaborate provisions the Scandinavian statesmen have endeavored to reduce the risk of a disputed succession to a minimum; but if any serious difference arose between the countries as to the choice of a king, it is to be feared that these precautions might not avail to induce a ready acquiescence in what might really be an accidental majority.

The national religion, like that of Sweden, is Protestant and Lutheran. The

form of Church government is episcopal, and with comparatively small exceptions the people belong to the national Church, to which they are strongly attached. Dissenters are allowed complete liberty, and are freed from the obligation, incumbent on the rest of the population, to educate their children in the national faith. The only restriction on the religious liberty of the people, and it is rather a political than a religious restriction, is that which forbids a Norwegian becoming a monk or a Jesuit. Formerly Jews were not allowed to settle in Norway, but in 1851 this prohibition was removed.

The executive power is vested in the king, whose person is declared to be sacred, and against whom no complaint can be made; while responsibility is fixed on the members of his council. On succeeding to the throne he takes an oath in presence of the Storting, to govern the country in accordance with its laws and constitution, and he is thereafter solemnly crowned in the old cathedral at Throndhjem. Unless prevented by some serious obstacle, he is bound to pass some time in each year in Norway, though he generally resides in Sweden. His council consists of two ministers of state and seven councillors, whom he himself chooses, and who must be Norwegian citizens, upwards of thirty years of age, and who cannot be members of the Storting. This latter provision has occasioned much discussion, and has been the cause of a serious difference between the crown and the Storting. Some years ago, the government proposed to the Storting to alter this law; but, though repeatedly pressed on their consideration, the Storting would not accede to this change. Recently, however, the Storting has passed a resolution abolishing this restriction, but the king has used his veto to prevent the alteration being made. The Storting is still eager for the change, which will probably become law. A father and a son or two brothers cannot have seats in the council at the same time, a rule which may sometimes deprive the country of the services of a man of ability, but is dictated by the jealousy of any family acquiring undue influence, which might be prejudicial to the State. One minister of state and two councillors in turn reside in Sweden, in order to assist the king in despatching Norwegian business, in regard to which, indeed, he can come to no resolution except in their presence and after hearing their opinion. The Swedish council also is debarred from taking up

Swedish business in their absence, and responsibility for the royal resolutions rests with them. The other members of the council reside in Norway and form the government of Norway. They have free access to the Storting to communicate the intentions of the government and to give explanations. In the absence of the king, a viceroy or governor is appointed by him, who may be either a Norwegian or a Swede. The governor resides in Christiania, and presides at the meetings of the council, where he has a vote along with the other members of the government, and also a casting vote in the case of an equal division of opinion. The resolutions of the government must be at once transmitted to the king. All the members of the council are held responsible for the resolutions arrived at, unless they have minuted a protest at the time; and no command of the king (with the exception of orders in military affairs) has any force unless countersigned by one of the ministers of state.

The appointment of all civil, ecclesiastical, and military officials lies with the king, who can, after taking the advice of his council, remove any of the superior officers of Church or State without trial. The amount of pension, if any, which the removed officials are to receive is determined by the first Storting which is held subsequent to their dismissal. In the interval they enjoy two-thirds of their former salary. The inferior officials may be suspended by the king, but must be immediately brought before the proper tribunals, and unless convicted of some charge cannot be removed from their posts or dismissed without their own consent.

The king has command of the army and navy, but without consent of the Storting can neither increase nor diminish the military forces of the country, which must be strictly employed for the good of Norway, and cannot be lent to foreign powers, after the manner so common formerly among the German princes. Norwegian troops cannot be stationed in Sweden, nor can Swedish soldiers be introduced into Norway, except for a short period not exceeding six weeks, when a limited number of the troops of either country may take part in joint manœuvres on the frontiers of Sweden and Norway. The consent of the Storting is also required before the Norwegian army or navy can be used to attack a foreign enemy; but in case of an invasion or an apprehended attack, the king has full power to direct the move-

ments of the Norwegian forces by sea and land. The king has the right of declaring war and concluding peace, as well as of entering into alliances, and making or breaking treaties; but this right is fenced round by very stringent provisions as to the manner in which the Norwegian government is to be consulted, and the joint advice of an extraordinary council of Swedish as well as Norwegian councillors is to be taken. Each councillor must give his opinion in writing, for which he is held responsible; but the king may then adopt that course which he considers most beneficial to the State.

The ordinary powers of the king extend to the superintendence of public worship and the regulation of ecclesiastical assemblies. He is also entitled to keep the clergy to the observance of the established forms. He may also issue regulations affecting trade and the collection of the taxes, provided they do not conflict with any article of the constitution, but such regulations only have force till the meeting of the next Storting. Norway is responsible only for its own debt and for its own expenditure; and while the king is bound to collect the taxes imposed by the Storting, his ministers must be careful to expend them only for Norwegian purposes. Lastly, the king has the prerogative of mercy secured to him by the constitution, but he can only exercise it in council, and with the consent of the criminal, who is entitled to choose whether he will accept the royal mercy or suffer the penalty to which he has been condemned. This provision is apparently copied from the similar one in the Swedish constitution. The royal prerogative, too, cannot be exercised in the case of persons prosecuted at the instance of the Lagthing (one of the divisions of the Storting) before the high tribunal for the trial of State offences, except to the effect of freeing the prisoner from the penalty of death, if such shall have been decreed.

The general result of all the foregoing provisions of the constitution is to accumulate upon the king the whole of the executive powers of the State, to give him very real and important influence in determining both the internal and the external policy of the State, and to attach the whole body of officials throughout the country to the government, as represented by him, since the nomination to all appointments, directly or indirectly, is placed in his hands. At the same time, the restriction which requires his orders to be countersigned by a minister of State restrains him from any

arbitrary abuse of authority, which would without fail be visited upon a too compliant minister under the strict doctrine of ministerial responsibility.

The legislative power is vested in the Storting, which consists of two divisions, named respectively the Lagthing and the Odelsting; the former of which consists of a fourth part of the Storting, chosen immediately after the Storting has been constituted and the opening speech from the throne has been made. The remaining three-fourths constitute the Odelsting, which retains the function of initiating legislation, while to the Lagthing belongs a limited power of revision and rejection. Every proposed law must be brought before the Odelsting, either by one of its own members or by the government, which states its views through a privy councillor. If the proposed law be approved by the Odelsting it is transmitted to the Lagthing, and if disapproved by that body is returned, with a memorandum of their objections or observations, for further consideration. The bill is then again considered by the Odelsting, and, if their opinion remain unaltered, is re-transmitted to the Lagthing. If a bill be twice rejected by the Lagthing, a joint meeting of the two houses is held, at which a majority of two-thirds is sufficient to carry the measure. The composition of the two houses is too much the same to raise any risk of frequent collision; and the Lagthing's work consists more in revising and improving the bills of the Odelsting than in serious and adverse discussion. After a bill has been passed by the Storting, it is sent with a deputation from both houses to the king, or in the event of his absence to the viceroy or the Norwegian government, with a request that the king would sanction it. If the king approve of the Bill, he signifies his approval by subscribing the bill in the manner pointed out by the constitution, and the bill thereupon becomes law. If the king disapprove, he directs the bill to be returned, with the declaration that he considers it inexpedient in the mean time to sanction the proposed law. The royal veto, however, is not absolute, but merely suspensive. The Storting cannot during the same session pass the same bill again, but at the next ordinary Storting the same resolution may be come to, and the bill anew presented for the royal approval. If the third ordinary Storting pass the same bill, unaltered, as the two preceding ones had done, the bill is for the third time presented to the king with a special prayer

that he will not refuse his sanction to a law which the Storting, after mature deliberation, considers for the benefit of the State. If the king still refuse his consent, the resolution of the Storting becomes law in spite of his refusal. This law was the occasion of the first great danger which threatened the constitution after the union with Sweden. Not long after the union the Storting proposed to amend the constitution by adding a law which forbade the giving of patents of nobility. The then existing noble families of Norway were few and uninfluential, and the resolution of the Storting met with general approval, but the king refused his consent. The bill was passed twice by both houses, and twice vetoed. The Storting met for the third time, and was still determined to carry its point, and the government was equally resolute in its opposition. Swedish troops were marched into Norway to overawe the Storting, and the government proposed to change the suspensive veto of the crown into an absolute veto, but the Storting persisted in its determination to prevent the creation of noble families, and also, notwithstanding the pressure brought to bear upon them, refused to agree to the proposals of the government. A serious crisis was imminent, but the king ultimately yielded, partly in consequence of remonstrances privately addressed to the government by the ambassadors of England and Russia, who pointed out that any violence offered to the Storting would be a violation of the stipulations of the treaties by which Norway was guaranteed to the king of Sweden. The king still endeavored to induce the Storting to grant him an absolute veto, but both in 1821 and 1824 the Storting refused to entertain his proposal, and the suspensive veto remains one of the most distinctive features of the Norwegian constitution. It seems probable that in the question which has been recently discussed in Norway, and to which allusion has already been made, the Storting will avail itself of its constitutional power to override the royal veto, which so far has been exercised against the proposal to repeal the law excluding privy councillors from seats in the Storting.

The Storting formerly met only every third year, but it now holds an annual session, which has been rendered necessary by the increase of public business consequent on the advancing prosperity of Norway, and the sessions are also now longer than they used to be. The number of representatives has from time to time been altered,

and is at present one hundred and eleven, of whom seventy-four are returned by country districts, and the remaining thirty-seven by the towns. The tendency of the Storting, arising mainly from its composition, has been to favor the country districts at the expense of the towns. The inhabitants of the towns think that this tendency is especially shown in the comparatively large sums of money which are voted from the national exchequer for the purpose of making new roads through the interior, though the accusation is certainly in part unfounded, as indirectly the towns benefit from the increased facility of communication. On the other hand, the Storting has shown itself adverse to increased expenditure on the public service of the State, and decidedly opposed to the imposition of heavier taxation in order to give increased efficiency to the army and navy. This was very distinctly shown at the last Storting, which unanimously rejected a proposal of the government to vote a sum of money for military preparations, in view of the uncertain aspect of foreign affairs consequent on the war in the East. To the Storting the danger seemed remote, and the injury to the country likely to be caused by increased pressure on her scanty though well-husbanded resources, too palpable to justify their yielding to the demands of the government. At the same time a feeling of insecurity is showing itself among the commercial classes, more readily apprehensive of the perils of foreign war than are the peasants in their quiet valleys, and it is not unlikely that the Storting may begin to busy itself with schemes for national defence. Such schemes will almost certainly proceed from the members for the towns, and will, it is most likely, be opposed by the country members, whose consent to increased taxation will be only obtained with difficulty, and perhaps not at all, except in the presence of immediate danger.

Besides the legislative powers which the Storting possesses, its most important functions are those which relate to the superintendence of the administration of the public departments and the auditing of the public accounts. The minutes of the meetings of the government, as well as of the meetings of the king with the members of the council in attendance upon him in Sweden, and all public documents and royal orders, unless relating to military operations, are regularly laid before the Storting, which has the further power of calling any one before it in State matters.

The king and royal family are excepted; but a prince who holds any office, except that of viceroy, is bound to appear before the Storting, if called on, to give an account of the manner in which the duties of his office have been discharged. The Storting also specially concerns itself with the list of pensions, which it carefully prunes, so as to prevent the nation being unnecessarily burdened; and it is apparently a rule that in settling the pension of a public servant, his private fortune may be taken into account. If malversation of any kind be discovered, the offending minister or councillor is liable to a prosecution, at the instance of the Odelsting, before the Rigsret, a high court composed of the members of the High Court of Appeal and of the Lagthing, and the same tribunal takes cognizance of offences committed by members of the Storting or of the High Court of Appeal, and in both of these cases, also, the Odelsting has the right of instituting the prosecution. In order to secure to the Storting perfect freedom in its control over the public administration, the consent of the king is not required to a resolution impeaching any official before the Rigsret. Among the powers reserved to the Storting is one which reveals a great jealousy of foreigners, and a fear lest the privileges of Norwegian citizenship should be too easily communicated to them. The power of naturalizing foreigners is vested in the Storting, but is not subject to the royal veto, which can be exercised against most of their other resolutions.

The elections for the Storting are held in the month of December every third year, but the electors do not vote directly for any candidate. They choose electors, in towns in the proportion of one to every fifty voters, and in country districts in the proportion of one to every hundred voters, who thereafter meet and choose, either from among their own number or from among the legally qualified voters in the district, the members of the Storting the town or district is entitled to elect. The representatives so chosen, in addition to the qualifications required for an ordinary voter, must be thirty years of age and have been resident for ten years in Norway. To entitle a Norwegian citizen to vote, he must be twenty-five years of age, have resided five years in the country, be living there at the time of the election, and either be or have been an official, or, if in a country district, own or have farmed for more than five years registered land, or be a burgher, or own house property or

ground, in a town, of the value of three hundred kroner (about 16*l.*). The right to vote is suspended on indictment for a criminal offence, on suspending payment, or on making a declaration of bankruptcy, in which case the suspension lasts until the creditors have received payment in full. An exception, however, is made in favor of a debtor whose failure has been caused through losses by fire, or other unexpected and innocent misfortune. A voter, also, cannot vote if he have been deprived of the conduct of his own affairs and placed under curatory. The right to vote is lost where an elector has been condemned to imprisonment or to penal servitude or other degrading punishment, and where an elector enters into the service of a foreign power without the consent of the government, or acquires a right of citizenship in a foreign State. Conviction of having bribed, or of having been bribed, or of having voted at more than one meeting of electors, also entails a forfeiture of the right to vote.

An elector who is chosen by his co-electors to represent them in the Storting, is bound to serve, unless prevented by some legally sufficient excuse; but he may decline to be re-elected to the Storting immediately following that in which he has served. To lessen the hardship of this compulsory service, the travelling expenses of members of the Storting are paid, and they also receive a sum for their support during their attendance on the meetings of the Storting at Christiania. The peculiarities of the Norwegian constitution are, in the main, due to the national characteristics of the country and of the people. The comparatively isolated life of the peasants, cut off from intercourse with towns, and but half acquainted with the doings of their neighbors in the adjoining valleys, made some plan necessary by which suitable representatives should be chosen, and, at the same time, the views of all the voters be consulted. In order to attain these results, the plan was adopted of making the voters in each parish choose from among themselves electors to whom the selection of the representatives of the district might be entrusted. In no other way could good representatives have been elected. The expense of a canvass of a mountainous province would have been too great for the limited purses of the few well-to-do peasants, and would have thrown the representation into the hands of carpet-baggers, of whose qualifications or disqualifications the peasants would have been

unable to judge, or the election would have fallen by chance rather than by selection on some peasant who happened to have a larger circle of friends than was usual, amidst the general apathy of the voters. As it is, however, the interest taken in the different parishes, in all that concerns the country as well as the parish, is intelligent, even if sometimes short-sighted. The rule, again, which excludes members of the government and civil servants from seats in the Storting, springs naturally from the same state of matters. In great districts of the country men can be found who will leave their farms, and for a few weeks or months reside in Christiania, and assist in the making of new laws; but few if any of them would be willing to devote themselves for years to the public service while their own affairs were perforce neglected. The members of government would, then, have been selected from the representatives of the towns, or rather of Christiania and the towns in the south of Norway; but this limitation would almost certainly have worked ill, by confining the choice of the sovereign to a narrow class, and to a class, moreover, which might very frequently be opposed by the large majority of the Storting, for, as has already been stated, two-thirds of the members represent country districts, and do not sympathize readily with the views which find acceptance in the towns. In these circumstances the exclusion of the members of the Storting from the government has probably led to the filling of high offices with more able officials than would have been obtained if a seat in the Storting had been practically indispensable. The improvement of the Norwegian roads and the introduction of railways, both of which tend to put an end to the separation of different provinces, are rendering the maintenance of this restriction less necessary, and if ever, as is at present proposed, the members of the government are chosen from the national representatives, it will be made less difficult than it would have been formerly for able men to secure seats in the Storting in distant parts of the country, and the limitation of the choice of the electors to those who are resident in the same province will of necessity have to be abolished.

The judicial system of Norway is simple. Courts of first instance, before which, with few exceptions, all civil and criminal cases are brought, exist in the country districts as well as in the towns; and from these courts an appeal lies to the court of the *stift* or province, and

from that there is a final appeal to the supreme court, which sits at Christiania, and is composed of a judiciary and six assessors. Besides these courts there are ecclesiastical and military tribunals for the trial of offences against ecclesiastical and military law, and in time of peace an appeal may be made from the judgments of a court-martial to the supreme court, whose deliberations are assisted on such occasions by two officers of high rank named by the king. The Rigsret or high court of the realm has been already described. Its functions are strictly limited to the trial of offences against the State.

Each province is presided over by an *amtmand*, to whom the care of all civil matters is committed. There are eighteen *amts*, each of which is divided into bailiwicks, with a *foged* over each of them, who collects the taxes, sees that the decisions of the courts of law are executed, and generally concerns himself with the maintenance of the laws. In each parish, again, there is a *lensmand*, or chief constable, who acts as the deputy of the *foged*, preserves order, and attends to purely parochial matters, such as the superintendence of the posting stations in the parish. The executive powers, which in the country districts are vested in the *fogeds*, in the towns are committed to the judges of the courts of first instance. The management of the affairs of the parish is placed in the hands of a council, chosen by the peasants, which deliberates on all matters which concern the parish, such as the making of new roads, the application to the central government for assistance, and the repairing of the parish church. In like manner the provinces have their councils, the members of which are chosen by the different parishes. These provincial councils discuss matters which affect the whole province, and make representations to the Storting or to the government.

The Norwegian Church is deeply rooted in the affections of the people, and the clergy hold a most influential position in the country districts, but in the towns their influence is less. The clergy, who are well educated and intelligent, but not learned, receive their appointments from the government, which is said to exercise its patronage well. The parishioners have no concern with the nomination of the parish priest, but seem generally to be quite satisfied with the appointments which are made. Next to theology, the Norwegian priest must be well acquainted with farming, for his emoluments consist

almost entirely of the returns which he can obtain by his own skill and labor from a farm which he occupies rent-free. The effect of this combination of secular and sacred pursuits seems to be wholly good. The Norwegian priests are practical men, who combine an acquaintance with the rules of husbandry with the precepts of religion, and are saved from the spirit of a priestly caste by having to depend on their own exertions for their support, and on their superior intelligence and knowledge for their influence over their congregations. The form of Church government is episcopal, and the country is divided into six bishoprics, that of Thronthjem being an archbishopric. All civil servants must belong to the national Church, and the peasants regard this provision as one of the safeguards of the country, which they would not willingly part with; but a feeling is growing in the towns, and among the educated classes, that the exaction of such a test from civil servants is inexpedient. In the mean time, however, it is unlikely that it will be soon abolished.

Such is a sketch of the constitution of Norway, and the impression left on one's mind by a study of its various parts is, that it is of a thoroughly practical character, and that good government has been the end aimed at by its founders, rather than any elaborate system of philosophical principles, which might have proved less beneficial to the country, although more symmetrical and of greater pretence.

W. D. T.

A DOUBTING HEART.

BY MISS KEARY,

AUTHOR OF "CASTLE DALY," "OLDBURY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IDUNA'S GROVE.

MR. WEST was accustomed to have to wait even on cold evenings a long time at his own door before it was opened to him, and he had learned to shut his ears, when at last he was admitted, to a good many sounds of scuffling feet and sharp voices, which told of hasty preparations to receive him. He did not care now to probe beyond the outside surface of decorum and order, which was indeed too thin to deceive eyes that did not court deception. There had been a time when he had stood up for his right to know everything that passed

in his own house, and devoutly believed in his power to regulate all in his own way, and carry out his wishes to the minutest point. He had been a martinet when nothing had opposed him but the wills of people weaker than himself. Lately, circumstances and, as it had seemed to him, the whole course of nature had declared against him; and, being continually more and more worsted in his combats with these, he had withdrawn himself gradually into closer and closer entrenchments, abandoning the outworks in despair, but always struggling to keep some little kingdom where his will might be supreme, and whose minute details he might regulate. The management of his family and household had baffled him now time since, and he was at present, with the energy of despair, holding on to the attempt to maintain his own personal surroundings precisely as they used to be in the days of his prosperity. Even this possibility was daily slipping away, in spite of the efforts of his wife and elder children to keep this last stronghold of his injured dignity intact. They were wondering with sick hearts what hold on life he would have when the thin appearance of past gentility they were holding up before his eyes had at length melted away.

Emmie had time to restore the jewel-box to its usual place before Mary Anne had made herself fit to open the door for master, and her next movement was a hasty flight up two staircases to the threshold of "Air Throne." Thence she watched her father's entrance into the house, peeping at him over the balusters of the highest staircase of the high house. She was not at any time given to make the worst of appearances, but to-day she was struck with the dejection written on her father's face, and expressed by his whole figure, as he wearily mounted the first flight to his own bedroom; the nerveless hand clinging to the balusters, the trailing footstep, the bowed head, the grey, still face, that had perhaps been handsome and dignified once, but that seemed now petrified to an image of sullen, outraged pride, brooding on itself. Emmie sighed and shivered a little as she looked. It was just as if the fog outside had gathered itself up into a visible shape, and stalked into the house to put out all the lights, and hang a dead weight on every one's breathing. But it was her father, and she must not grudge him the privilege of bringing what atmosphere he liked into the house, during the few hours he was in it, even if it was an atmosphere of chill, gloomy reserve, in

which the most modest little household joys withered, or had to hide themselves away. Her mother was unfortunately the chief sufferer, for she had to sit in the very thickest of the fog the whole evening. To the other members of the family it made itself felt more or less distinctly, hushing fresh voices, putting clogs on springing steps, checking with a dull hand the eager beating of young, hopeful hearts. But (and Emmie's sensitive conscience reproached her a little for finding relief in this thought) there were spots even under this roof whence the dark influence was successfully shut out — pleasant nooks — where, by just opening and shutting a door, one could find oneself breathing fresh air and morally basking in sunshine. As this thought rose to comfort her, she turned and looked down a dark passage, at the end of which a faint stream of light issued from the crevices of a low door. Behind it was "Air Throne," and from thence a crisp, cheerful sound, like the rippling of a little river, reached Emmie where she stood; a pleasant sound of two gay voices in continuous chatter, broken now by a musical laugh — Christabel's laugh, that was music itself — ringing from the low-roofed attic down the dark, cold passage, and warming Emmie's heart. Well that it was such a big house, and the attics far enough removed from the ground-floor for people to dare to laugh freely there without fear of being thought hard-hearted.

Looking down the balusters towards a lower story, she could see a half-opened door, from which another wider and brighter stream of light came. Emmie could have wished that door were shut, for her father would pass it in going downstairs, and the lavish light would bring him a reminder that would not please him. That, however, was the "Land of Beulah," and Mrs. Urquhart, the kind-hearted old lady, who, with her son, Dr. Urquhart, rented all the best rooms in the house, was too important a person to be dictated to as to when she should shut or open her drawing-room door. The door was left ajar because Dr. Urquhart had not yet returned from his afternoon round of visits to his patients, and his mother was listening for his ring at the bell. Emmie knew just how she looked as she sat listening, for she had lately shared the watch once or twice; not anxious, only pleasantly expectant; and she knew too how the comely old face would broaden into smiles of perfect content, when the quick, business-like knock and ring came, followed

by a springy step on the stairs that all the household knew. The drawing-room door was always close shut after that for the rest of the evening; but though it shut in long intervals of silence, there was no gloom. Emmie could not continue the scene; but if she had been *clairvoyante*, and had watched the occupants of the "Land of Beulah" till bed-time, she would only have seen pictures that would have confirmed her pleasant thoughts of the place. The old mother nodding over her parti-colored knitting, when the cosy meal was over; the son with his books and papers and shaded reading-lamp at a table writing, covering his eyes to think a minute, and then rapidly dashing off a page or two with nervous fingers pressed on the pen, and knitted brow under the thick fair hair that had tumbled in disorder over it; aware, however, all the time, of every movement in the chair by the fire, and quite ready, when the signal came, to jump up, thrust his long fingers through his hair, clearing his brow of thought and frowns with the movement, and come forward to the fire for a comfortable half-hour's chat with his mother before she retired to bed. This was the crowning cup of pleasure in the tranquil days Mrs. Urquhart shared with her now prosperous son; days that were a sojourning in the land of Beulah to her at the end of a stormy life, as she often told Emmie. It was talk that had no pain, and not much excitement in it, over the happy events of each successful day, flavored sometimes with a mild joke or two about the young lady-students up-stairs, whom Dr. Urquhart came across sometimes in lecture-rooms; in whose company (he said) he felt puzzled as to whether he should treat them as comrades or as young ladies, and against whose possible designs on her son's heart Mrs. Urquhart, generous in everything else, watched jealously. Perhaps there would be a little sham quarrel when Mrs. Urquhart would maliciously repeat some gossip about the Moores she had learned from Emmie, and Dr. Urquhart would pretend a great deal of excitement in defending them; all to be ended by a tenderer than usual good-night kiss.

Yes, there was pleasant talk from happy hearts in that room every evening, but the gay atmosphere never penetrated to the parlor just beneath, where Mr. and Mrs. West spent their evenings alone; she lying on the high-backed sofa by the wall, he seated upright on a chair beside her, their hands clasped together, not talking

much, not often even looking at each other, but mutely interchanging pain, and lessening it perhaps by such silent partnership; she suffering only for him, he for himself chiefly but also for all the others dependent upon him whom he had dragged down into what, looked to him an abyss of shame and ruin. He was like a shipwrecked mariner on a raft in a wide sea—the sea of his own bitter thoughts—clinging to the one comrade who had courage to embark with him on its salt, desolate waves, but separated from all other help. Yet if he could but have cleared his eyes from the mists of tears that pride would never let him weep away, he might have seen that the storms which to his thought had shattered his whole existence, had but carried off a few useless spars and a little overcrowded canvas, and that all his real treasures were still preserved to him, and were lying unheeded at his feet.

Emmie stood leaning her arms on the balusters, and looking down into the hall, till she had seen her father cross it and shut himself up in the dining-room, and then she too ran lightly down. A thought had struck her while waiting which had changed her intention of going immediately to "Air Throne," to tell the story of the jewel-case to Katharine Moore. She must find out from Harry whether there was to his knowledge any fresh cause for the additional shade of misery she had read on her father's face, or whether it was only one of those chance thickenings of the fog of gloom in his mind, which they had learnt to expect as certainly, and endure as patiently, as January snow-storms, or east winds in March. Harry had come home as usual a quarter of an hour after Mr. West, and had made the most of the interval before dinner, while his father was up-stairs, to bring the brightness no one could help feeling in his presence, to bear upon his mother; but when Emmie found him he had retreated to the little tea-room, once a butler's pantry, where noise being fortunately shut in by double doors, the younger members of the family were accustomed to congregate in the evening. Mr. West had not been known to put his head inside the green baize doors for years; and Mrs. West, since Dr. Urquhart had one day spoken gravely to her on the necessity of sparing herself fatigue whenever she could, had paid it few visits. It was the spot which, according to Alma, had played an important part in turning Constance Rivers into Lady Forest; but less fastidious and more

imaginative persons might have seen a "Temple of Youth," or even an "Iduna's Grove," within the four dingily papered walls, cumbered with faded furniture. It was the one place in the house where the naturally high spirits of the young Wests had free play, and managed to bubble up above the dull crust of care which extinguished them outside the sanctuary. Old Mary Ann, whose forty years of domestic service had left more poetry in her than three London seasons had left to Constance, was capable of disentangling the genius of the place, from the moth-holes and weather-stains of the furniture, and used of evenings to steal up from her cleaning in desolate regions below, where hungry winds moaned through empty cellars and larders to refresh herself by standing between the double doors, and listening to the gay racket of voices within. It sent her back to her cogitations as to how to dish up two mutton cutlets to look as if they were five with renewed courage, convinced that there were still members of the West family worth cooking for, at reduced wages. Emmie closed the double doors quickly behind her, however, mindful of ears in the house that had a right to complain of hubbub; for as she had been longer absent from the juvenile party than usual, there was of course a great outcry to greet her reappearance — everybody speaking at the top of their voices, and at once.

"Where have you been all the afternoon, Emmie? Have you heard about the row on the stairs when the boys came home at five o'clock?"

"Casabianca and the Gentle Lamb would play at tig on the stairs, thinking everybody was out, and they quarrelled and fought on the landing, till Casabianca knocked the Gentle Lamb right into the Land of Beulah. Two old ladies were drinking tea with Mrs. Urquhart, and you should have seen their faces when the Gentle Lamb came rolling through, and fell with his head among the teacups."

The speaker of the last sentence was Mildred West, a tall, energetic-looking girl of fourteen, somewhat given to domineering, and nicknamed Mildie by the rest of the family, in the exercise of a peculiar style of wit prevalent in Iduna's Grove, which consisted in calling everything by the least appropriate name that could be found for it. The fun of these names might not be apparent to outsiders, but they afforded great satisfaction to the young Wests, and were in fact the chief weapons by which they held the troubles

of life at bay, and, so to speak, kept their heads above water. A new privation or grievance always seeming to lose its sting with these young people as soon as one of their number had invented a byword to fling at it.

Emmie shook her head at the two offenders, who were now struggling for possession of the least rickety of the school-room chairs, and said to her sister, —

"But what were you doing to let them fight on Mrs. Urquhart's landing, Mildie?"

"My physics," said Mildie loftily; "I was in the middle of a proposition, and I think with Katharine Moore, that a girl's studies are too important for her to allow them to be interrupted by the folly of boys. Women are the students of the future, Katharine says, and I mean to do credit to my family, whatever becomes of the others."

Of course this speech was a signal for a general onslaught of the boys on Mildie; but Harry, who did not seem quite in his usual spirits to-night, checked the skirmish peremptorily; and while the rest of the party were taking their seats round the tea-table, Emmie found the opportunity she wanted of drawing him aside to ask her question.

"Anything happened to-day?" she whispered.

"Bad — do you mean?"

"Oh, my dear Harry, of course I meant to papa; and does anything good ever happen to him — should I expect that?"

"The poor governor!" said Harry, with a good deal more compassion in his voice than there had been in Emmie's. "He certainly is unlucky, poor old chap; he always does contrive to get himself into every mess that's going. If he could but stick to what he's told to do, and not put his unlucky oar in where it's not wanted, he might at least drudge on without being noticed, like the rest of us. But I suppose it is difficult for him to forget the time when he was one of the heads, and ordered as he liked, and to remember that he's nothing in the new house but an old supernumerary clerk, kept on sufferance. It must be hard."

"But has anything more than usual happened to-day to annoy him, do you suppose?"

"Mr. Cummins sent for him to his private room to speak about his having taken more upon himself than he ought, in a business matter that came under his eye, and, of course, muddled it. Their voices got so loud, for you know when the governor's pride is thoroughly stung he can

speaking, and Cummins is an insolent brute, that a good deal was overheard in the clerks' room. I can tell you, Emmie, I sat trembling, for every minute I expected and at last hoped, that the governor would end the lecture he was getting by throwing up his place and mine, and vowing never to make a pen-stroke in the old hole again. I wonder how he helped it. I wonder how he ever swallowed his pride and rage, so as to get out of that room without a regular flare-up; and how he bore to walk back to his place, with the other clerks staring at him,—all of them young fellows like myself, except two superannuated old chaps, who began in grandpapa's time, I believe, and who, like old idiots as they are, tried to show they pitied him. It was an awful time for us both I can tell you. I durstn't so much as look at him, to see how he was taking it, but I could feel the desk we were both writing at tremble when he leaned upon it again and took up his pen. Poor old chap!"

"If he should quarrel with Mr. Cummins some day and throw up his post and yours, what would become of us?"

"I dare say I should get employment somewhere else; but wherever he went it would be the same story—the impossibility it is with him to act as a subordinate, and his ill luck. I am afraid he is not of much use where he is, and that though Cummins can't turn him out, for it was agreed he was to have a post in the office when the old firm was broken up, he is trying all he can to provoke him to resign."

"We shall still have the house and the lodgers."

"The lease will be out the year after next."

"Poor mother!" said Emmie softly.

"Poor old governor!" said Harry, passing his hand quickly over his frank, boyish eyes. "Well, he fought a good fight to-day, to hold back the words that would have made us all beggars; and if I can only keep a sharp look-out over him, and stop him from running off the lines again, things may never really be as bad as we are imagining. I believe the governor would rather blow out his brains any day than stand Cummins's bullying: but he will bear a good deal for the mother and us; and I must keep my eyes about me, without his knowing it, and nip in the bud any fresh designs of his that won't hold water."

"I thought you said that Mr. Cummins was the new youngish partner, who had

taken a liking to you, and who invited you to dine with him at his club one day?"

"Yes," said Harry, "and what do you think one of the clerks overheard him saying he did it for?—because though my father was an old dolt, and I something of a cub, I had a confoundedly pretty sister."

"What did he mean? *Me*? Oh, Harry!" cried Emmie, taking her hands from Harry's shoulders where she had been resting them confidently, and covering her face, while, in a minute, a dark flood of angry crimson glowed above the white finger-tips to the roots of her dark hair, and invaded the small lobes of the little ears that showed beneath its coils. "He meant me!"

Harry put his arm round her and drew her close to him, his face glowing too with a proud sense of brotherly protection and superior worldly wisdom.

"Why, Emmie, what signifies what a fool of a fellow like that says? I would not have repeated his idiotic words, if I thought you'd have cared a rush about them."

"To be talked about like that from one person to another!" said Emmie, slowly uncovering her eyes, which to Harry's remorse had large, bright tears in them. "I knew he looked at me in a horrid way that day—the day I went in a cab to fetch papa home, when poor little Willie was taken in his first fit; but I did not know he had talked about me."

"You are a fine little personage," said Harry, stooping down and kissing a tear from her cheek. "You're a nice little person to pretend to be a friend of Miss Katharine Moore, who gets up and speaks in public meetings, and stands up for women's rights, if you can't bear to be talked about."

"It is the sort of talk," said Emmie; "I can't explain it, but no one would understand me better than Katharine Moore. It is the right to be spoken about and looked at in another way, whether one is rich, or poor, or handsome, or ugly, that she stands up for—for women. Never mind, dear Harry, don't be vexed with yourself. I won't think of it again; but you must allow that it is horrid to be looked at, as Mr. Cummins looked at me, just because one happens to have come out in a hurry with a shabby hat and dress on. I wonder how girls feel who never have such things to do, who, like Alma Rivers, have fathers they are proud of belonging to, whom everybody is forced to respect. The last time I was at a party at the Riverses',

Alma dropped her fan while she was dancing, and half-a-dozen people rushed to pick it up, and Mr. Anstice gave it back to her with a look—as if he thought she ought to be waited upon by people on their knees. It must make one feel very odd—that way of being looked at.”

“Well,” said Harry, “I don’t suppose there’s much chance of our poor old governor ever holding up his head with Lord Justice Rivers again; but it would be hard lines on him if his children had a grudge against him for that. Don’t be down-hearted, Emmie, at all events you’ve got a brother to stick up for you, and punch on the head any one from this time forth who looks at you in a way you don’t like. Christabel Moore has not even that.”

“She is far above wanting any help,” said Emmie enthusiastically, “and, Harry dear, I’m not so selfish or so silly as to wish you to quarrel with Mr. Cummins because he was rude to me; you must think of keeping things straight for papa’s sake, and forget my little vexations. There, look, my face is all right again now. I can bear it. Papa has to bear being looked down on, and spoken to roughly every day, you say. I have not thought enough about that. I shall pity him more now when he comes in with a gloomy face, and grudge less the trouble mamma takes to keep home vexations from him. Do you know, Harry, she has made up her mind to sell her pearls?—the necklace and pendants she used to wear on company nights. I have the case in my pocket now, and I am going after tea to consult Katharine Moore about getting her jeweller to find out how much they are worth, and put us in the way of selling them. Do you remember how we used to take peeps at them in their case when we were children, and how lovely mamma looked when she had them on?”

“She don’t want pearls for that,” said Harry stoutly, “and as for you and Mildie, young ladies whose bosom friends study medicine, and take to public speaking, are mountains high above caring for jewels, I suppose. But let us have a look before they go. It’s something to have had big pearls in the family, is not it?”

“Will you look at them here?” said Emmie, cautiously drawing a corner of the purple case from her pocket. “Can we trust Casabianca and the Gentle Lamb?”

“I’ll undertake them,” said Harry, “I think they ought to see mother’s pearls once. Now, children (raising his voice), we are going to show you the family jewels; but if any one of you comes too near,

and so much as breathes upon them, under the table that one goes before he has time to wink, and stays there for the rest of the evening. Now, attention, and keep your places,” taking the case from Emmie, and touching the spring as he spoke.

Even Mildie condescended to be enthusiastically admiring, though she excused her interest on the plea that pearls were an abnormal product of nature, on whose natural history she was, on the smallest encouragement, willing to enlighten an ignorant public. The public however preferred ignorant wonder, and to expend its energy on a dance of triumph round the case.

“If Emmie would only come to church in ‘em once!” suggested Casabianca (alias Aubrey West), who owed his sobriquet to his unlikeness to Mrs. Hemans’s martyr to obedience. “Wouldn’t I bring Tom Winter there to see her; and would not he think small beer of all his own people after that?”

“Or she might wear them when she goes with us to the athletic sports next summer, for all our fellows to see,” amended the Gentle Lamb. “Or, I say, Emmie, you might set them up as prizes for fellows to jump for, and I’d promise to win them back for you at long jump. Would not it be jolly fun?”

“You fool,” said Casabianca, “what would be the good of giving Tom Winter a chance of winning them, and bringing his sister to church in them instead of Emmie? You’ll let Tom Winter see you in ‘em some day, won’t you, Emmie? He’ll never believe we’ve had such things in our family unless he sees you in them, however much I tell him.”

“What signifies Tom Winter,” put in Sidney, a bright-eyed boy of seven, Emmie’s secret pet and favorite of the fry. “What signifies what he thinks of our sister? You are a great deal too good for him to look at, Emmie, even without the pearls. Now, I advise you to put them on directly, and go up-stairs and show yourself in them to Dr. Urquhart. He has promised to give me a microscope, so you’d better please him all you can.”

This suggestion brought such a return of flush to Emmie’s scarcely cooled cheeks, that Harry would have rewarded the speaker with a seat under the table, if Mildie had not luckily struck in with a proposition that pleased everybody—why should not Emmie put on the pearls for them all to see, and wear them through the evening, just to familiarize the younger ones with the spectacle of the family grandeur, which

would otherwise never be anything but a tradition to them. Let them at least be able to think they knew how mamma had looked in the days of which old Mary Ann told them so many stories. Emmie, though she had been sharing her mother's sorrows with full sympathy all the afternoon, and weeping over her father's and her own a minute ago, had lightheartedness enough left in her to yield to the general wish without much pressing. She had often wondered how the cold smooth stones would feel on her neck, and how the milk-white band of mingled pearls and diamonds would show among her dark braids just above her forehead — would she look dignified like Alma in them — the sort of person to be approached with distant admiration, such as she had seen for Alma in Mr. Anstice's eyes.

This evening was the last chance of having her curiosity set at rest, and as the gas was still burning in the dressing-room her father had lately left, it would only take her a minute to discover what sort of a new Emmie would look out of the depths of the great mirror, which her mother had only retained when the best furniture had been given up to the lodgers, because old Mrs. Urquhart preferred putting on her cap before a less pretentious looking-glass. She ran lightly up-stairs, and after a little preliminary arrangement of her every-day evening dress, so as to leave a portion of her white neck and arms clear for the pearls to rest on, she took the jewels from their case, with almost trembling fingers, and clasped the necklace round her slim throat. It fell low on her neck, and how lustrous the milk-white stones showed there, rising and falling with her quick breath, like flecks of moonlight on a blown drift of snow! The bracelets were hard to manage, for they would keep falling over her hands; but the head-band fitted exactly, and looked just as it used to look long ago on Mrs. West's head — a pale, pure halo crowning the dusky night of hair, and giving a sort of soft dignity to the smiling face beneath it. Emmie did not think such words, or any like them; but as she stepped backwards and looked at the reflection in the mirror, she was certainly not displeased with what she saw. It was not Alma — it was only Emmie after all — but still an Emmie who might wear the traditional family pearls for one night in the sight of the boys, and perhaps of Katharine and Christabel Moore, without disgracing them. It was too late to go up to Air Throne now, and introduce the jewels in this guise to

the friend whose aid in selling them was to be asked. She must now wait to settle that business till the Moores came back from giving their evening lessons; but as Emmie descended the stairs she thought of a person who had a right to a farewell inspection of these relics of past grandeur, if love of them, and pride in them, counted for anything. Old Mary Ann would be sure to discover, or guess, the new abstraction from her mistress's jewel-box, by its effect on the weekly expenditure, and there was wisdom in stopping her mouth from remonstrance by appearing to take her into their counsels beforehand. Besides, she had been particularly gracious towards the attic lodgers lately, and deserved the confidence that she valued more than wages.

With this design in her mind, Emmie passed the green baize door, without opening it, and descended to the basement story. The air of its wide passages, always clear and cold, made her shiver, but they were less dark than usual; some one had turned on the gas jet at the foot of the staircase, and Mary Ann was standing underneath it talking to a black-coated figure, that, at the sound of Emmie's step, turned round and came forward to meet her. It was Dr. Urquhart. He did not look surprised at the apparition of a figure so adorned on the kitchen stairs, as a person less intent on the business in hand might; he came quickly to her, and spoke at once.

"Miss West! how fortunate! you are the person I am seeking. I am sorry to tell you that one of the young ladies, who lives up-stairs, has been knocked down at the corner of a street close by, and is, I fear, seriously hurt. She was taken into a shop near, and I was sent for, and finding she could be moved, I am having her brought home. Your mother must be warned however of what has happened, before the commotion of carrying her through the hall begins. I hurried in first to get hold of you. Now, can you go in and tell your mother at once, without startling her, or shall I do it?"

Emmie turned very white at the first word, and her voice shook as she said, —

"One of the Moores! Oh! not Katharine?"

"It is the elder of the two ladies; but, Miss West, you must not faint, if you please. There is a great deal for every one to do, and your mother must be thought of."

Emmie was not in danger of fainting; accidents were too rife among the boys for

her nerves not to be case-hardened; but if she had had any disposition to give way, these words, and the smile that accompanied them, encouraging but peremptory, would have acted as a tonic.

"I think I had better go to mamma," she said. "If she sees you unexpectedly, she will fancy at once that something has happened to one of the boys."

"Right, she is easily alarmed, and ought not to be allowed to agitate herself. Go into the dining-room first, and prepare her with a word or two, and I will follow and explain the arrangements it is necessary to make at once."

As they passed the green-baize door, Emmie said, —

"I must look in here for a minute, and tell Harry to keep the children quiet, or they will wonder what has become of me, and all rush out into the hall."

She left the door open during her brief talk with Harry at the tea-table, and when she came back, she saw that Dr. Urquhart's sensible grey eyes were fixed upon her with an expression in them she had never seen there before, as if he had just made some discovery about her, that had put the prominent thought of the minute before out of his head.

It startled her back into a recollection of what she had been doing before the news of the accident came, and as she raised her hand to the jewels in her hair, she could not keep back an exclamation of dismay.

"Oh! Dr. Urquhart, what am I to do? I dressed myself up in these things to please the children, and I dare not go into the dining-room dressed as I am now — it would make papa so angry."

"Would it, indeed? How long will it take you to change?"

"About two minutes."

Dr. Urquhart took out his watch.

"I can give you two minutes," he said; "there will still be time for what we have to do; but you must not be longer."

Emmie ran breathlessly up-stairs, and Dr. Urquhart returned his watch to his pocket and stood looking after her. Sidney, who had crept to the door to learn as much as possible of what was going on, observed him closely for a second or two, and then went back to his seat, and announced the result of his investigation to his brothers.

"Well," he said, "I told you that Dr. Urquhart would like to see the pearls upon Emmie, and I was quite right, he did like it."

CHAPTER IV.

AIR THRONE.

THE house that Mr. West held on a long lease, though situated in a part of London long since deserted by the tide of fashion, had had its day of splendor, and was built in a solid, generous fashion, liberal of space and of inside decoration, which does not prevail in modern buildings. Even the rooms under the roof showed signs of careful finish, and had possibilities of being made comfortable and even picturesque, which caused Katharine and Christabel Moore to congratulate themselves nearly every day on the good luck which had timed their arrival in London to the crisis when Mrs. West, the only person to whom they had a letter of introduction, was looking out for occupants for her unused upper rooms. It was a step towards the realization of the hopes that had brought them, unknown, unprotected, and young, to fight for the means of existence in the very spot where the struggle is hottest, that they could hardly have expected to gain so easily. Katherine was glad to be able to write to the few friends who had not thrown them off in disgust at their rashness and Utopian views of life, that she and her sister were living under the roof of a lady known to their mother in past days. It made the remonstrances that had been addressed to her, on the dangers to which her independent modes of action might expose her sister, less disagreeable to remember. Christabel used to look over her sister's shoulder as she wrote this announcement, and profess to be a little scandalized at her finding any satisfaction in throwing such a sop as this to the Mrs. Grundys they had left behind them. If they had determined to be independent of conventional restraints, and to trust for protection to their own upright wills and strong resolution to carve out worthy careers for themselves, why should they have recourse to pretences like this, and make concessions to other people's scruples, which had in them, at least, a flavor of distrust in their own theories? Christabel would peer down saucily as she spoke into Katharine's quiet, strong face, which looked so incapable of pretences or concessions that it was a sort of joke to accuse her of them; and Katharine would reply, with an answering glance of fond, admiring love, whose presence would explain even greater inconsistencies in a feminine adventurer on new paths. It might be all very well to burn one's boats, and cut off all retreat to the

old country if one started on the journey of exploration alone, but when there was another by one's side, whose fate was a million times more momentous, then—No! Katharine never could bring herself to say she was not thankful to have the ægis of Mrs. West's respectability thrown over their enterprises. Even when she was indulging in her most soaring day-dream of the future triumph of what she called "her cause," foolish, nervous Mrs. West's motherliness would recur to her memory, as a sort of stronghold in the background, into which Christabel at least might always run and be safe from slanderous tongues.

That *arrière pensée*, even more than their other recommendations, made the low-roofed attics a really homelike place to Katharine, and sent her out from them to the arduous struggle of her student's life, and to the teaching that filled up its spare hours, with a courage that had known no check as yet.

It was no easy life the orphan sisters led together there, but they had known such much worse things than toil and privation, that these came to them almost in the guise of interesting new acquaintance, and were met with a gay, defiant welcome, that forced them to put on their least repellent looks. What hardship was there in sitting down to bread and tea meals which their own labor had paid for, to people who were used to eating sumptuous meals made bitter by taunts of dependence, or cold, silent tokens of antagonism and dislike. Christabel, whose ardent, imaginative character had suffered most in the atmosphere of suppression from which they had escaped, and who, being the younger by some years, did not share Katharine's feelings of responsibility, found such delight in the mere fact of their freedom that her spirits were always ready to bubble up under the weight of a privation or toil, and lift it to the height of a pleasure, or a welcome experience at least. Weariness might come by-and-by, but she was so far from it yet, that there was even energy left to seek out difficulties and obstacles for the mere joy of overcoming them and proving her strength. Mr. Carlyle, in his essay on Jean Paul Richter, excuses the German poet's defiance of public opinion in his celebrated "clothes' controversy," by pointing out that a youthful disposition to be combative in unimportant matters while a great life-struggle is also going on, shows a reserved fund of energy, which leads one to augur well for the chance of victory in the serious endeavor. Dared any of Christabel's

female friends have so augured, from her indulgence in little vagaries of taste in dress, which certainly did not make the poverty of the materials employed less conspicuous, however much they might have satisfied an artist's eye, or by her small defiances of public opinion in minor social questions such as were perhaps not calculated to avert criticism from a manner of life in itself likely to provoke remark? Dared the few friends who loved Christabel to have seen nothing in these mutinies but the overflowing bravery of a strong spirit on its way to success, or must they have looked grave, considering that the path of a woman who aims at making an independent career for herself is already too difficult for it to be safe for her to plant a needless thorn upon it?

The sisters who had formerly scarcely ever known what it was to be an hour apart, were now separated during the greater part of each day, by having to carry on their different sorts of work in different places; but this circumstance only made the reunion that came in the evening an ever-recurring love-feast that lost nothing of its gladness by being constantly repeated. Katharine's eyes were always just as hungry for the sight of Christabel's face, as on the evening when she had returned to the attic after her first day's study, and found her sister at home before her, and Christabel was never less eager to pour out the history of the day's doings into Katherine's ears. The talk and the love-making they had been used to spread over the whole day had all to be crowded into a few evening hours now: no wonder the sound of their voices came like a rippling river from Air Throne, when Emmie West stood and listened outside. Christabel's outpouring of talk generally came first. She said a little about what she had done and seen during the day; and then a great deal about what had been transacted in that inner world of imagination which was to her the most real world she knew. Katharine followed her sympathetically through both narratives—first, through the little outer court of actual experience, where the figures were often somewhat dull and pale, as not having had power to force an impression of themselves through the dream-halo in which Christabel walked, then passing as it were through a curtain into the theatre, where as yet all the most moving events of Christabel's life had been transacted—the brightly-lighted, gaily-colored drama of her thoughts and dreams. The dream-people who performed there were so much the most congenial companions

the sisters had, that to Katharine as much as to Christabel it was a coming home to rest after work among strangers.

When a day in dreamland had been well lived through, Katharine's time to tell her experience came. Her separate life had only its outer court that could be talked about, but it was a very different sort of outer court from Christabel's. Very real and distinctly seen, if in some respects strange and different from her expectations. Her daily story, of hard, unaided work, of hindrances obtrusively thrust in the way, of snubs and slights meeting her at every step in her enterprise, was always told shortly, in plain words, without a tinge of bitterness in them. She could not afford to let herself speak bitterly; it would have cost too much of the force she had to husband for each day's struggle. It was only, when something of a contrary nature had to be related — when some unexpected word of encouragement had come her way, when some hand in authority had been held out to help her up, instead of to push her down, or when some service had been rendered by a fellow-student in such a way as neither to wound her feminine susceptibility, nor hurt her independence; it was only on the rare occasions when things of this kind came into the day's history, that her voice warmed up, and her lip trembled, and her eyes fixed on Christabel's face took a depth of feeling, which told Christabel how far into the proud, sensitive heart the usual experience of contempt and coldness cut down.

A short silence would sometimes follow on the end of Katharine's story. The two sisters would sit hand-in-hand, leaning against each other, Katharine's soft, dusky braids touching Christabel's rich auburn, the two hearts beating to the same tune, for they were thinking of each other. It was the gravest moment of their day. The pause after hard work and after the joy of meeting again, when anxious thoughts and doubts, if any were at hand, knocked at the door. Christabel would soon escape from them back into her dream-world; but Katharine often had a hard struggle to wrench herself away from what she felt were disabling forebodings, cowardly lookings-back to a past from which they had cut themselves off. Yet the question would come, had she done right to bring Christabel here with her? If she should fail, and for her toils and struggles reap only the blame of having tried to thrust herself where she was not wanted; if she did not prove herself stronger than all the strong prejudices arrayed against her;

if she had to fall back beaten in the hard battle she had entered on, what retreat was left to them? The old sphere would not open again to receive them, or if it would, their position in it had been hard before, but would be intolerable when they went back with the disgrace and ridicule of such an attempt and such a failure fixed upon them. She could bear anything for herself, but Christabel was such a rare treasure to guard; so bright and tender to those who loved her — such an enigma to all others; so rich in gifts that yet needed tender encouragement to give them fair play; such an enthusiast for work and for high thoughts, and, after all, such a dreamer. Katharine's arm would tighten its hold on her sister's waist as her thoughts reached some such point; and Christabel, startled out of a fancy that had taken her worlds away, would look up suddenly into her sister's face, with surprised, wide-open blue eyes, bright and yet misty, with the far-off, sweet look in them, which comes from habitually dwelling on distances invisible to ordinary eyes.

A change of place for these evening talks from the neighborhood of the wide-hobbed fireplace, to the window-seat of the low attic window, was the principal event by which the sisters marked the passing of the seasons in their present life, too full of work to be monotonous, and yet having few breaks in it.

The first months of their freedom — their hardest and loneliest, and yet perhaps their gayest time — had been fireside months, when the hearthrug (a dingy black and grey one, knitted from strips of cloth by some West of a past generation) had been Christabel's throne for the greater part of the evening, and when Katharine's household thoughts had turned chiefly on schemes for bringing her medical books and her papers to the draughty end of the table, and leaving the cosiest nooks for Christabel's easel and the embroidery frame, to which she gave an hour or two every night. The lengthening days, when there had been light but not warmth far into the evening, had not been an improvement; and then, quite suddenly, as it seemed, there had come a time when the low-roofed attics had turned into furnaces filled with lifeless air, and the hour for comfortable talk had to be put off almost till bed-time; then at last, weary with the long, hot day, they would sit by the open window, and watch the crimson in the west die out into a uniform pearly grey over miles and miles of monotonous roof-lines, down to

a distance where the dome of St. Paul's lifted itself, round and perfect, into the empty evening sky. The pain and the pleasure of that time, too, had passed, and now here they were again, with the shiny black bars of the grate for their evening prospect. What had been their gains and losses since Christabel, on the first day of their taking possession of the rooms, had exercised her ingenuity in turning every bit of carving into a picture illustrative of the rapid development of the fortune they had come to seek? They had been discussing the question together when Emmie heard their voices, as she stood at the head of the stairs, and Christabel's laugh testified that the retrospect had not saddened them. While she could laugh—such a gay, free-hearted laugh, too—all must be well with Katharine; well with her heart, at least; for Katharine was too far-sighted not to be subject to twinges of mental anxiety, even when filled with present heart-content.

Even now, when she got up, with the echo of Christabel's happy laughter still in her ears, she felt only half satisfied with their late outpouring of confidence, and wished she could have penetrated deeper than words could reveal, and read the yet unformed thoughts, the hopes and purposes to come whose seeds lay in her sister's soul. Would the time ever arrive when she would begin to be "sick of shadows," and take to looking at life as it really was, and, if so, in what guise would the awakening come? Would some new influence dawn into her life strong enough to merge her two worlds into one, and force her to act and suffer among realities with the same intensity with which she was now dreaming them all in her own way? Katharine knew of only one influence that was likely to do for Christabel what the mere friction of every-day experience was rapidly doing for herself, and it was an influence which, when they began to live their independent life, and put themselves out of the way of being sought by their equals, they had decided must never come near them. Christabel had better go on dreaming to old age, Katharine thought, than come out into the daylight of reality through that door. She paused with an armful of anatomical drawings—her last night's work—which she was going to put away on a high shelf, to comfort herself with a reassuring study of her sister's face. Christabel was lying at full length on the hearth-rug, spreading out the long skirt of her serge dress, cut after some artistic design, more pleasant

to the eye than convenient to a pedestrian, to dry by the fire; for the same purpose she had let down her thick hair, which the small hat she wore had badly protected from mist and rain; and she was now propping herself on her elbows, and resting her face between the palms of her hands, as she read a book open before her.

Luckily, Katharine thought, it was a face that could easily pass in and out among crowds without attracting many eyes to it:—

Pale et pourtant rose,
Petite avec grands yeux.

There was something in the soft outlines and dim coloring that gave an effect of remoteness, as of something dropped into a place to which it did not belong; a lack of responsiveness in feature and expression which would deaden most people's interest rather than provoke it. Nobody but Katharine ever saw the sleeping beauty in the face wake up; to all others it was shrouded, shut out from their seeing, as completely as Christabel's soul was cut off from ordinary contact by her dreams. Well, it was best so. Katharine satisfied herself that this year had not brought a hair's breadth of change; even the rose hue under the fair skin was not faded by toil or privation; there was not a line of care on the broad, low brow, or round the dreamy mouth; the delicate chin, propped between the two hands had not sharpened in outline. It would be difficult to point out the lightest sign of the passage of another year over that fair, drooping head. Does living among dreams make one, so long as it lasts, fadeless, like them?

"Listen, Katharine," Christabel said suddenly, looking up from her book; "it is Pascal speaking of imagination: 'Ce pouvoir énorme, l'ennemi éternel de la raison, qui se plaît à étaler son empire en l'amenant dessous ses pieds, a créé dans l'homme une seconde nature. Il a ses joies, ses douleurs, sa santé, son malaise, ses richesses, sa pauvreté. Il arrête l'empire des sens, et encore il leur fait part d'une pénétration artificielle.'"

"Are you looking out passages from Pascal to read with old David Macvie?" Katharine asked. "Is not that travelling rather fast?"

"Plums," said Christabel. "Of course it won't be much of a French lesson; but we have drudged on at the grammar so many evenings lately that I think I may give him a treat. It will be great fun for

me, too, to see and hear. I wish you could be with us. He will read the paragraph through first in his good, solid Scotch-French, then I shall give him the English of a word or two he will not have understood, and gradually the full meaning of the passage will dawn upon him, and he will begin to knit and unknit the wrinkles about his forehead till his face spreads out into a blaze of comprehension and delight; the spectacles will come off then, and he will fold his hands on the book, and we shall talk about imagination, 'its joys, its griefs, its sickness, its health,' till one of the hundred and odd clocks on the walls of the back shop tells us that the lesson has lasted two hours instead of one. Then I shall have to quarrel with him about not taking my usual fee, the half-crown, that always lies ready, neatly folded up in paper, in the broken Sèvres china tea-cup on the chimney-piece, and that he generally slips into my hand as I take leave, with a look of deferential apology that will some day, I am afraid, oblige me to kiss him. I should have done it before now if he did not take snuff, and eat onion porridge for supper always just before I come in."

"To think of old David Macvie being the only intimate friend we have made, out of the house, during our year in London! Aunt Fletcher would have spared some of her warnings if she could have foreseen how little dangerous our acquaintance would be. We might just as well have stumbled upon him, his old clocks and watches, his cases of butterflies, and his semi-scientific, semi-mystical talk in a little shop in a back street in Chester."

"But I should not have given him French lessons at half-a-crown an hour, if we had found him when we were living with Aunt Fletcher, and above all, he would not, under those circumstances, have led us into the one adventure that Aunt Fletcher could reasonably profess to be horrified at, that has befallen us since we came here. I mean our going with him to that meeting, and your getting up to speak. It was all over in such a few minutes that I can still hardly believe it happened; but I did admire your courage, Katharine."

"I felt so like a hypocrite while sitting still," said Katharine thoughtfully. "It made all my professions unreal, if when the occasion came and I found myself among people who seemed to be seeking after remedies for evils of which I thought I knew the cures, and seeking them in a

wrong direction, I could not get up simply and tell them what I thought. I was not courageous, for I had no idea that what I said would rouse such opposition and dislike."

"Had not you! I knew it by instinct. I could not look round on the faces about us without being sure that the kind of things you would say would surely give offence. I felt it in the air."

"And generally I know so much more of what is going on than you do."

"Ah, yes; but you see it has two sides to it, this imagination, as David and I shall prove by a thousand instances to each other directly. 'It arrests the exercise of the senses, and again it gives them an artificial power.' One never can tell how it will serve one, 'its riches, its poverty.' However, there was one man in the room who understood you. I saw that before he got up to speak; and how well he spoke, like a regular trained orator, and what a pleasant, winning face and manner his was! David thinks that between you, you and he, you made an impression on the meeting; and if you had not spoken he would never have taken up the cudgels in your defence."

"A curious momentary partnership of two unknown people who found themselves thinking alike in an adverse crowd. I think these flashes of sympathy do one good, if there are only points here and there to catch the electric light it will travel on, and their being far apart does not so much signify. I am glad David thinks I did no harm."

"He simply glories in you; but I doubt if you have not fallen in some one else's esteem in the exact proportion in which you have risen in his. I put Emmie West on to telling the tale to old Mrs. Urquhart this morning, just from my good-natured impulse to let everybody have plums to their taste, and is not she enjoying the delight of passing on the scandal to the Gresham lecturer this instant? What a pity it is that we are not *clairvoyantes* and cannot see and hear. I really think it will be worth a free admission to the lectures for you. Mrs. Urquhart will look upon it as a shield to secure her son's heart against the possibility of damage from you forever afterwards, and she will withdraw her objections to his taking you under his professional wing, and fighting some of your battles for you, as I really think he is half disposed to do."

"Poor old lady! she would be much happier if she could set her fears at rest,

and give her benevolence free play. Coming up-stairs after you to-night, I caught sight of her face as we passed her open door in our wet cloaks, and the conflict on it was quite comic. She longed to ask us in to get warm by her fire till our own had burned up, but could not make up her mind to expose her son to the danger of intimacy with adventuresses like ourselves. If she only knew how safe he was, she would sleep better of nights."

"There you are mistaken, Kitty; there my imaginative insight carries me further than yours. It would not at all conduce to Mrs. Urquhart's repose, to believe that her son was quite safe from any one's admiration; it would puzzle her so she would lie awake wondering what kind of a heart it was that could be indifferent to winning her treasure, and perhaps begin at last to lay schemes for conquering it. Think, Kitty, of your coming, some years hence, when you are over thirty, and have taken your doctor's diploma, to be courted by Mrs. Urquhart for her son! Shall we not feel that we have slain prejudice, and trampled our enemies under our feet, then?"

The sisters enjoyed a hearty laugh together at this notion; and then Katharine felt Christabel's skirts, and gave her leave to get up from before the fire, and prepare for their evening expedition to a house, a few streets distant, where they had each a lesson to give. They crept softly down the back stairs, not to remind Mr. West unnecessarily of the presence of lodgers in the house; but as they passed the green baize door, Katharine paused an instant, and drew Christabel's attention with a smile to the clatter of gay young voices that was going on within.

"If we had been members of a large family, and had had brothers," she said as soon as they were out in the fog, and she had drawn Christabel's hand underneath her arm, "I wonder what difference it would have made in our destinies, whether we should have been strong enough to act independently of them, according to our own ideas, or whether we should have been hampered. Can you imagine the difference it would have made in our lives, at Aunt Fletcher's, if we had had a bright, energetic brother, like Harry West, coming to the house once or twice a year to make much of us? Which side would he have taken, when the great question of what we were to do with ourselves came up?"

"That would have depended on the

sort of brain he had, and it is hardly likely that there should have been another in the family equal to yours, Kitty; probably he would have thought it incumbent on his manhood to side with Aunt Fletcher, and use all the power he would have had over us to condemn us to worsted work, mild visiting, and perpetual snubbing for all the vigorous years of our lives. I think we may be thankful that so little of the masculine element came into our lot. We found Aunt Fletcher hard enough to deal with, and she is only a woman like ourselves."

"Only a woman," said Katharine, giving the little hand on her arm a squeeze against her heart. "What an admission from you! How pleased Aunt Fletcher would be if she could hear you saying that!"

"And don't you think she would be pleased if she could see us to-night turning out in the wind and the rain at eight o'clock to make our way to a dingy old shop in a back street, where you will climb up three pairs of dirty stairs to give a lesson in mathematics to a consumptive young Jew, and I shall teach an old Scotch optician to read French badly at half-a-crown an hour? Only think, we might have been seated in a warm, well-lighted drawing-room at this moment, nursing Aunt Fletcher's two fat king Charleses in our laps, and with nothing on earth to do but make conversation about the weather, and get snubbed for our pains. I say, Kitty, does not London mud smell sweet, and don't you breathe freely in the fog, and would not you like to jump lamp-post high for joy that we are safe in it?"

Christabel turned her head towards the lamp-post under which they were passing as she spoke, and its light fell for that instant on a sparkling, mischievous face, in which all the latent beauty was awake and looking out. The momentary illumination electrified two passers-by, who had chanced to be near enough to catch the last words, and who had turned with amused surprise to look at the speaker, but it was lost on Katharine, whose eyes were fixed on a distant spot in the badly-lighted street.

"Stay," she said, "is not that a woman's voice calling for help? The sound comes from that little group of people down there by the railway bridge. I am afraid something is going on that ought not to be. Ah! again; yes, it is certainly a woman's voice calling for help."

"Let us hurry on and see if we can be of any use."

"If you were not here."

"Am I a Pharisee, pray, to pass by on the other side? Why, Kitty, what did we break away from the drawing-room atmosphere for, if not to protest against there being any such words as 'if you were not here' applied to ourselves to make us hindrances instead of helps when work is to be done? Let us hasten. I won't be made an 'if you were not here' to hinder you from acting."

They pressed forward towards a corner of the road where the arch of a railway bridge cast a shadow so deep as to swallow up the red glare from the windows of a gin-shop in its neighborhood. A group of two or three were hanging about in the shade, but no crowd had gathered as yet; drunken rows on that spot were occurrences of too ordinary a nature to attract much notice, and as the sisters left the pavement they could distinguish a pair standing close together at whom the stragglers were idly staring; a ragged, hatless man, holding a woman fiercely by the shoulder, and pressing her up against the wall of the bridge where the shadow was deepest.

"He has struck her again, he's a desperate bad' un, he is," one of the lookers-on was saying to another, in a half-indifferent, half-frightened voice, as Katharine passed between them. She did not pause to ask any questions, but, pushing her way through the bystanders, walked straight up to the scene of action, and laid her white, gloveless hand on the ruffian's arm. She was shabbily enough dressed not to attract much attention among such bystanders as these, even when taking the unusual course of interfering between a drunken ruffian and a woman whom he had presumably the right to ill-use. She was putting herself in danger of life or limb, no doubt, but then, perhaps, she was a Bible-woman, whose business it was, a somebody queer who had better be left to her own devices.

The Don Quixotes of the present day have at least the advantage of not attracting so much attention as their prototype, for however extravagant their enterprises may be, they keep as much as possible to ordinary appearances, and do not arm themselves for their frays so much as with a dented copper shield, or a lame Rosinante to lift them above the heels of the crowd.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

OUR KENTISH PARISH.

WHAT an infinite variety of pictures may be suggested by a single word! A parish may lie anywhere between Cape Wrath and Beachy Head, the Land's End and the lights of Cromer. It may be wild moorland, and forty miles long, with a cottage kirk a world too wide for a scattered congregation of shepherds and keepers. It may be bleak corn-land, painfully reclaimed from a shrinking waste of dreary peat-bogs, where the farm-steadings, though substantial, are all built for use, and the nearest approach to ornamental landscape gardening is the belt of firs or the clump of "bourtrees" bushes. It may embrace a smiling strath in the Lowlands, or a range of rich green hills on the border, watered by a thousand streams and rills, and peopled in each lap of the landscape by its bleating flocks. It may be overcrowded with grimy colliers, who have honeycombed it with their subterraneous mines, and defaced its natural beauties with the smokes of their countless fires. It may be in the soft green midlands, where the broad stretches of pasture, shut in by their ox-fences and blind bullfinches, are associated with fields of magnificently mounted men following the streaming pack at flying speed; where each cover and gorse thicket may have its litter of foxes, and every mansion of any pretension its grand ranges of hunting-stables. It may lie among the wheat-stubbles and mangel-wurzels of the eastern counties, where countless coveys are basking on the sunny banks, and each corner of wood and spinny in the season sends up its constellation of rocketing pheasants; or it may be down among the meres and decoys of the fens, where fogs envelop everything in a vapory mantle, and the amphibious inhabitants are happily half fever-proof. Or among the tors and moors of Devon, where herds of shaggy ponies run wild with the sheep and red-deer; or among the rocks and blasted heaths of Cornwall, where one-half the parishioners hazard their lives underground, while the other half are tempting providence on the surf of the tempest-driven ocean. It may be half hidden out of sight in woodlands and hedgerow timber, with lanes winding like covered ways under masses of impenetrable foliage; or it may be a blue expanse of featureless plain, the horror of mountaineers and the paradise of coursers.

Or if you turn from the country to the town, the fancy takes a fresh departure.

Man and his handiwork have come to the front, and nature is only existing on sufferance. Here you have forests of masts, and there you have stacks of factory chimneys. There are great blocks of warehouses and offices where there is bustle through the day, and solitude in the night-time; fashionable quarters frequented by the wealthiest aristocracy in the world, that are as gay in the season as they are depressing out of it; modern suburbs, with their flimsy villas, where the flaunting tabernacles of Dissent hold their own in architecture with the churches; rookeries where the morals and misery of the wretched inmates sadden the souls of hard-working curates; river-side districts, where dock-laborers, watermen, and water-thieves are hanging loosely by dozens about the doors of the public-houses; cathedral towns, where luxurious orthodoxy reposes in cloistered shades among the lawns and gardens of the close; county towns, where the purity of the peaceful streets is only soiled by the invasion of agriculturists on the market-day; watering-places, where the flower of the incumbent's flock is here to-day and gone to-morrow. In short, our sketches of types might be multiplied indefinitely were we to set memory and imagination to work instead of dashing off their random suggestions; and there is scarcely a parish where the story would not be worth the sketching, however unassuming the pretensions of the artist.

But we flatter ourselves that this particular parish in Kent is decidedly more characteristic than the average, not merely because it is not swamped in any specialty, but because it numbers among its residents people of many sorts. It can boast neither of mines nor manufactures, and it is miles away from the sea, though within scent of the briny breezes. It is thoroughly rural, though within reach of the town, and not only of a town, but of the city of London. So that its population is getting to be somewhat mixed, and yet in its outlying nooks and corners there are worthies who go jogging from the cradle to the grave, just as their fathers and their grandfathers did before them. Oakenhurst is scarcely more than a score of miles, as the crow flies, from London Stone or St. Paul's churchyard; occasionally we come within the radius of the city smoke, though far more often we are fanned by those Channel breezes; and forty years ago, to all intents and purposes, it must have been well nigh as much out of the world as if it had lain in the Cumberland dales or down in the

fen country. A venerable gentleman of fine though decayed *physique*, who is now laid up in lavender in the almshouses, will babble to you by the hour, if you will only listen, of the days when he used to work the Pig and Whistle. Of course there were no railways in those good old times — even now they come no nearer than four miles on the one side and half-a-dozen on the other — and his Pig and Whistle maintained communications with the coaches at the great posting-station of Lowbeech. But at Lowbeech your Highflyers, Comets, and Eclipses never condescended to pick up casual passengers, being invariably filled outside and in. And accommodation, even in the heavy coaches, was always precarious, so that it was altogether a toss-up how or when the townsfolk of Oakenhurst were forwarded to the metropolis. Thus, as the journey was an affair of doubt and time, most of them wisely stuck to their homes, transacting their business by post or carrier. As for the gentry, of course they drove up in their own carriages, baiting half-way at the Bull at Brackenhurst. The Red Lion at Oakenhurst, and the Godwin Arms, did but an insignificant business in post-chaises; but post-chaises were always to be had in profusion at the famous establishment of the Hop Pole at Lowbeech, where the sixty coaches changed horses in the twenty-four hours, and relays of postilions were perpetually on duty. The Red Lion and the Godwin Arms had tolerably lively times on the market-days, when the farmers were talking hops or wheat while their good wives were laying in haberdashery or groceries. Otherwise the place must have stagnated in a comfortable sort of fashion. Most men managed to pay their way, and few cared to press a neighbor; indeed, where everybody was gossiping on everybody's affairs, credit could rarely be granted recklessly. And to say nothing of the neighboring squires, who made a point of dealing with the local shopkeepers, the prosperous residents in certain solid brick mansions, set a good deal of money quietly in circulation. Now the approach of the railways has changed all that, without carrying the place off its legs in a rush of traffic, and Oakenhurst, though it still affects airs of prosperity, has rather been slipping down between two stools.

Should it succeed in raising the requisite capital for the branch line from Lowbeech which it has latterly begun to sigh for, it is probable that there may be brighter days in store for it. For the parish only needs to be more accessible, and to become more

generally known, to be a favorite resort of jaded Londoners. Nothing can possibly be more lovely than the rich variety of its scenery; and among its many attractions of hill and dale, park and farm-land, waste and wood, the only thing that perhaps it is lacking in is water. Not that it has not a river of its own, which rises in the springs above the town; but the Flete runs away into the bottom of the Lowbeech valley, where its infant water-power turns the wheels of some paper-mills; and elsewhere there is little but rush-grown pools stagnating in hollows among the hanging woods.

Oakenhurst is but twenty miles from town, and yet its landscapes are as wild, and its surface as broken, as in ever a parish in the English lowlands. The land is held on short leases; nobody has any idea of high farming; and it is but here and there that there are fields flat enough or big enough to make it worth one's while to employ the steam-plough. Generally speaking, the enclosures follow the rolling outlines of a jumble of bluffs and wooded eminences, running in and out of the charts and copses, and cut up into the most irregular and fantastic patterns. Never was such a country for hedgerows. There are snaky, sinuous jungles of thorn and ash, holly and hazel, interlaced with bramble of the most luxuriant growth, and festooned with honeysuckle, dog-roses, and briony. The birds of the air build in them by myriads, while rabbits and ground vermin multiply among their roots. In many places, with their natural *chevaux de frise*, they set the inroads of the most resolute bird-nesters at defiance; and when you are out with the gun you must make many a tedious detour, since there is no struggling through them save at the regular "gaps." And through these labyrinths of savage shrubbery the narrow lanes wind their tortuous courses, seldom seeming to trespass on the continuity of a hedge, and never turning aside from the steep of a hill. Now you are ascending a sharp, gravelly incline that makes deadly wear and tear of horse-flesh; now you are descending the opposite slope, where the most reckless expenditure of drags and *sabots* scarcely suffices to lock the wagon-wheels. Every here and there from some crest, if you are in luck, you have a peep of some most enchanting prospect from under the boughs of the oaks or the beeches. Now on the hill the drooping branches of the trees are brushing the wagon-tilt on either side; and then again in the flat farm-land in the bottom, hedges

and ditches run back into the fields, leaving broad margins of rich green sward, where caravans of gipsies picket their cattle in plenty.

Then as to the timber. Oakenhurst is bounded on the north by a bare ridge of chalk hills that ought to be downs, but which, for the most part, are cultivated. It is to be hoped that the crops repay the farmers, but it is certain that the oak-fields in their rankest luxuriance give but scanty covert to the coveys of partridges; while the turnips are a trifle smaller than Portugal onions, and the mangel are like moderate-sized garden carrots. In the shelter of these chalk hills is a wooded flat surrounding the little town; to the south of the town there rises abruptly a precipitous line of wooded heights; while away from these stretches the whole width of the weald, studded with the spires of innumerable churches. Everywhere on the lower ground, as on the lower slopes of each eminence, the oaks are flourishing in all their grandeur; the hedges are full of them, as they throw their limbs across the lanes, and cast the great breadth of their shadows far into the neighboring pastures; while in the parks that lie locked in the folds of the hills are stately clumps of magnificent beeches. As for the numerous ridges, when they are not crowned by the charts—a purely Kentish feature, of which we shall speak by-and-by—they are broken by black groups of Scotch firs, which remind the traveller of Italian stone-pines. There are dense thickets of spruce, straggling with their self-sown seedlings into the skirts of the heather; and each nook of the fields and each dip of the ground is lined with a copse or a matted spinny. Much of the wood is regularly cut every seven years or so to serve for hop-poles, wattles, and hurdles. The great knotted roots, shooting out in a dozen or more of tapering saplings, look as if they had held their own in the soil from time immemorial. And each second spring after the periodical cutting, a flush of primroses covers the ground, while legions of fairies might play hide-and-seek in the beds of anemones, daffodils, and bluebells.

But although the sylvan scenery is as enchanting as could be desired, with glades as tempting to dryads and fauns as those asphodel beds to English-bred fairies, and groves of oak-trees festooned in mistletoe, where Druids might have celebrated their mystic rites, it is the charts that are the speciality of the parish, and indeed of that side of the county.

The Kentish chart is a thing *per se*; it is something between the Highland moor and the common, with a dash of such scenery betwixt Highland and Lowland as you come upon in the middle course of the Spey. Oakenhurst chart forms a bare plateau on the brow of the southern range of wooded hills; but bare only in the single sense, that, looking up to it and across it, you see the daylight lying lower there than everywhere else upon the sky-line, between a broken and jagged palisade of firs. In reality, although it stands high and exposed, though it is swept by the winds from every quarter, it grows the more hardy forms of vegetation in the very richest luxuriance. The seedling firs are shooting up thickly around its borders, growing sparser and still more sparse as they push forward their unprotected outposts. And in the midst there are sheets of the purple heather, broken here and there by patches of bracken, and by thickets of bramble that are loaded with blackberries when the summer has been followed by a warm autumn.

The chart is common land and public property, so far as pasturing, fuel-cutting, and the other servitudes are concerned; though the lord of the manor has the right of sport, with some minor privileges that are very generally ignored. We presume that, properly speaking, nobody can have been entitled to settle there in permanent habitation. But as matter of fact, around its somewhat indefinite boundaries there are a variety of singularly picturesque cottages, which must date from a tolerably remote antiquity, notwithstanding their rude and slight materials. The inmates have comparatively easy times of it. They have their little gardens and their beehives; and the bees that are swarming among the foxgloves and the heather-bloom make honey as fragrant as any from Hymettus. They have the pigs they either feed on the refuse of their vegetables or turn out to grub and forage for themselves, should there be breaks in the fences of the adjoining beechwoods; and they may keep half-a-dozen of sheep or a cow, which take the free run of the common. They have their tiny orchards of apple and plum trees that seem to have run half wild, though they bear heavy crops all the same; and these spots that culture has reclaimed and embellished make a pretty contrast to the savage surroundings.

Then in the middle of the chart there stands the weather-beaten windmill with its skeleton arms or great brown sails — a

conspicuous object from a score of the surrounding parishes; and the miller's view must be almost worth his rent, if he chance to be an amateur of the beauties of nature. Far away to the south stretches the rolling expanse of the weald, till the eye, as it travels in sky and space over the slopes swelling against the horizon opposite, catches the faint outline of the southernmost downs. And wherever the eye can reach, it embraces a natural garden, crowded with the peaceful signs of a happy and prosperous population. Through the green of the woods in the middle distance rise the white cowls of the hop kilns; the wreaths and threads of light-grey smoke are curling up from the hamlets and scattered farmhouses. Here and there, beneath a somewhat thicker cloud, you mark the roofs and chimneys of a considerable village. On the highest ground, far away to the left, are the glistening villas of a fashionable watering-place; and everywhere you distinguish more or less distinctly the spires or towers of the parish churches.

But what charms you the most in the foreground are the hop-gardens, — for, next to our charts, our hops are our specialty; in fact, it is only the dispassionate admirer of the picturesque who would be disposed, as we say in Scotland, "to even the one to the other." Perhaps the days are gone by when the hop-grower could make a fortune. When a heavy import duty gave the home counties and Worcestershire a monopoly of this speculative crop, a single happy hit put the farmer in clover for some seasons. It was by no means his best time, when a generally good year had been raising prices all round. On the contrary, he drew his prizes in the lottery when his garden was the exception to almost universal failure, and then he would make his own terms with the brewer. But now the English hops have gone the way of the English wheat, and free admission from south Germany and America depresses the prices to a moderate level. Moreover, as we have heard it whispered, and our experience seems to confirm the scandal, the keenness of competition has made the brewers less scrupulous; and when hops are dear, they balance their budgets by simply putting a weaker infusion into their vats. Be that as it may, and whatever be the position of the growers, the hops are still the blessing of the gatherers. Go through a Kentish parish in the hopping time, and the roads and the dwellings are alike deserted. Each cottage door is care-

fully secured, and neither for love or money will you find a soul to deliver a message or do an odd bit of work. Every man, woman, and child, from failing age to helpless infancy, is about and busy in the gardens. The bedridden have to do the best they can; and even the dying, should they choose to be lingering perversely, may be left to smooth their pillows for themselves. Only the other day we heard a story very much to the point. A friend's bailiff was riding quietly across the chart, when he pulled up to a feeble appeal from a solitary cottage. A poor woman had dragged herself to the window, and was supporting herself with an effort against the sill. She had known that morning that she was on the eve of her confinement, but neither relations nor friends could be prevailed upon to stay by her; and now, having been taken in labor — for we cannot say she was surprised — she addressed herself to the bailiff as a family man, and implored him in charity to send some one to her assistance. Each family goes forth with the infants packed in perambulators, and gathers round its separate bin. The result of the day's picking is weighed and paid for by the measure. For once the smaller children in an overflowing household are made profitable, since each may clear a couple of shillings a day. But it is not the profit alone that makes the hopping so pleasant. The annual outing is looked forward to as a holiday, and townsfolk and tradesmen of comparatively good position are wending their way to the gardens with the rest. Nothing can be gayier than the scene when the sun is shining brightly. Each bit of color in the motley groups throws its light on the landscape with telling effect. A mile away you may hear the merry voices, for the tongues go even faster than the fingers; and the very babes, who are laid out in shawls under the hedge, are clapping their hands and crowing in chorus.

But though all the world turns out to the hopping, and although our parish is far more populous than most, the supply of labor comes short of the demand for it. Hence it is that in many a sheltered nook, where there is wood and water, shade and sun, you stumble in upon some gipsy-like encampment. Generally speaking, though our visitors come from eastern London, they are very decent people on the whole. Year after year they return to the same employers to take up their quarters on the familiar ground. Some amount of exposure they must submit to, but there is little overcrowding, and few temptations to

immorality, as is too often the case elsewhere. You may meet their messengers late of a Saturday evening carrying home the provisions from some village shop; but it is probably a long walk to the nearest public-house, so the people prefer to rest after the toils of the day. Many of them take a pride, besides, in encroaching on their wages as little as possible. They make their fire in the open, and boil the kettle on the sticks they have gathered in the lanes or dragged from the hedgerows, — and a cheery family they seem as they gather round the common platter. Their clothes may be ragged enough, and the hair of the mother and her daughters is wofully unkempt; but it is pleasant to see the thin faces of the children filling up and bronzing with their country outing. Indeed we believe that, on the whole, these wandering hop-pickers are a greatly maligned race. Last season, for example, owing to miscalculations as to the opening time, the South-Eastern Railway Company ran its Sunday hopping-train a week too soon. For a whole week a body of impecunious vagabonds and adventurers were lounging about the streets of Maidstone, which is of course one of the great capitals of the hop districts. Yet there were few complaints of their behavior, and fewer charges before the magistrates.

We said that æsthetic amateurs of nature might place the charts before the hop-gardens, but on second thoughts we are by no means sure of that. For there is no more graceful climber than the hop; though the exuberant suckers may be nipped from the roots, otherwise it is suffered to grow in untrained luxuriance; and then in admiring it you have the *arrière pensée* that it is not only ornamental but eminently useful. The very scent of the hop is suggestive of mighty home-brewed, and the invigorating pale ales of our skilled professionals. The hop is a genuinely English plant, and it is hard to say how much of our national glory and prosperity may be attributed to its successful cultivation. It puzzles us to surmise how the sturdy heroes of the Armada days and the Spanish and Low Country wars fought so well as they did, considering that we are told by the Rev. Mr. Harrington, who wrote his lively memoirs in Queen Elizabeth's time, that England then produced twenty-five thousand tuns of wine annually — and such wine as it must have been! And the choicest of these hop-gardens are in the most enchanting situation, on the steep slopes of hills, yet in the middle of woods that break the winds which

are so fatal to the vines. Often flinty, the soil would seem unfit to grow even thistles; and the more laboriously it is tilled and manured, the more do the flints come to the surface. After all, however, that is the less astonishing, since it is the same with some of the rarest vineyards that yield the world-famed vintages of the Gironde. And from these picturesque eminences, looking down through the natural vistas, you get a series of panoramic glimpses of the glories of the weald framed in a long succession of flowery archways.

But we have lingered long enough, or too long, in the hop-gardens, so by way of changing the scene, we may take a look at the cottages and farmhouses. If the farming is picturesque, with the irregular fields and copsy hedgerows, with the crops of thistle and yellow ragweed, and the ditches overgrown with grass and bindweed, so are the farmhouses. They have nothing in common with the bare, neat, substantial steading of stone and lime that you see in the Lothians or the north-eastern Scotch counties. Almost invariably they are embowered in orchards, and unpleasantly buried among venerable trees, if the tenants are at all susceptible to damp. Wherever you can struggle out into the open anywhere on the surrounding heights, you get a glimpse of tall, angular stacks of chimneys of Elizabethan character. Ten to one, it is not till you are turning the corner of the nearest lane, that you catch the curving lines of the eccentric gables. The steep-pitched roof is yielding under the weight of years, and possibly of great masses of the ivy that clutches at the tiles with its knotted fingers, and forces its tendrils through the interstices to twine them round the rafters of the attics. Where roof and walls are free from the parasite, they are covered with a growth of mosses and lichens in the most mellow tints of yellow and orange. The upper half of the walls is in weather-tiling, the lower is blackened brick that begins to show signs of crumbling. The glass in the lozenged casements dates from days when the art of the manufacture was in its infancy. You ascend to the entrance door by a flight of much-worn steps, to find yourself landed in a spacious passage that very frequently is groined and arched. To the right is the capacious kitchen, with its whitewashed walls and vast cupboards, and great smoked beams overhead. There is plenty of room for an easy-chair on either side of the dais in the chimney-place; you might roast a sheep, if not an ox, at the logs that might be piled upon

the old-fashioned *drés*; and looking up past the flitches suspended in the funnel-shaped opening, you get a glimpse of the blue vault of heaven overhead, where the stars are faintly sparkling at noonday. A door behind opens into the dairy, with its fragrant odors of butter and cream; opposite is the living-room, so called, *lucus a non lucendo*, because it is only occupied on state occasions, when christenings, weddings, or funerals are going forward. Another straight, easy flight of steps slopes gently down to the cellar accommodation, where hogsheads of home-brewed may be engulfed by the score; and it is not impossible that the staircase which leads to the upper storeys may be an absolute masterpiece of quaintly carved oak. Indeed, not a few of these farms have been manor-houses in their time; and even on those that never had loftier pretensions than at present, you read dates that carry them back to the civil wars, or possibly to the times of the Tudors.

Without, there is an air of ease and plenty, although sometimes, on more narrow inspection, it proves fallacious. But usually there are well-conditioned cattle placidly ruminating, up to the hocks in the loose layers of bright yellow wheat-straw. Sleek calves are penned behind hurdles in the corners of the surrounding sheds; fat black Hampshire hogs are grunting and grubbing among the fodder, or are reposing their corpulent forms in a sublime luxury of laziness. Great flocks of plump poultry and waddling troops of white Aylesbury ducks come crowding forward to your footfall in hopes of a shower of grain; while the flights of pigeons are circling in the air, or settling down upon the shelves before their holes in the barn gable. Behind are ranged barn upon barn, with the rows of cattle-stalls and the stables; and the whole is backed up by the inevitable oast-house.

It would be hard to find a fairer or more refreshing scene, whatever be the season you view it in. Whether in spring, when the foliage is fresh and green, and the trees in the orchard are flecked with the white and pink blossoms. Or in summer, when the fruit has been setting and swelling, and the canopies of leaves cast cooling shadows. Or in autumn, when the barns and stack-yards have been stored, and the wagons are rumbling homeward with their load of hogs. Or even in winter, when the glare of the fires within casts its cheerful reflection on the panes in the casements, and the still fat though frozen-out fowls are huddling together under the

lee of the house, beneath eaves that are fringed with their dreary series of icicles.

The Kentish farmer is of many a class. The substantial small proprietor still survives, half thane, half yeoman, sitting snugly on the soil transmitted to him by his ancestors, and proud, as Lord Lytton says in "Harold," of his five hydes of land: the yeoman who, according to the old local rhyme, could buy out, with his yearly rent, the citizen of Cales, the gentleman of Wales, and the knight of the north countree: the yeoman who figured as the immortal Mr. Warden of the Manor Farm in the pages of the "Pickwick Papers." Although in these days, when everybody is scrambling upwards, the Kentish yeoman has been changing into the squire, and consequently the race is rarer than it used to be. Then there is the tenant farmer of comfortable means, who sinks his spare capital in the hazardous hops, in preference to extending his holding or going in for a higher style of farming; who sends his daughters to boarding-schools and buys them second-hand pianos, and decks them out of a Sunday, with their mother, like the blooming lilies of the field. And there is the struggling holder who starves his land if he is not driven to retrench in personal necessities. But whatever his means, or the balance at his bankers, or the state of his current account with his landlord, his features seldom show any signs of his anxieties, pecuniary or otherwise. The Kentish farmers lay flesh on their solid bones like their own oil-caked oxen, meet their neighbors half-way in hearty good-fellowship, and are kindly and liberal masters to their dependants.

A certain "decentralization" is a conspicuous feature in the farms. Although their acreage may be of no great extent, you come everywhere upon outlying cattle-sheds and barns. Follow some deep-worn wagon-track through the fields, and it leads you perhaps to a lonely hollow, with a shallow pool half overgrown with sedges, and thickly coated over with duckweed. The water-hens are swimming out and in of the cover, and in spring the alder copse is vocal with the notes of the thrushes and blackbirds, who have come to make their nests where they can bathe and drink at their pleasure. And throwing its shadow over the sombre pool is the great rough building of moss-grown tiles and blackened timber, that still answers its purpose somehow, although it has long been half tumbling to pieces. For generations it has been the favorite haunt of the vociferous colony of night-owls that you

hear hooting from the depths of the woods after nightfall. The martins have made their nests under the eaves by the dozen, and there are whole flying squadrons of bats hooked up by the claws among the cobwebs under its rafters. The number of these scattered barns tends to multiply the field-paths, by which any one with the *carte du pays* in his head may go straight as the crow flies in almost any direction. Such of these as lead from the hamlets to the church, and in the direction of the little town, are broad and well beaten, beyond possibility of mistaking. But there are many that seem to have been neglected or almost deserted in the course of time, although there must still be some traffic to keep up the right of way, or else the occupiers of the cultivated land they traverse have never thought it worth while to close them. You see a gap in the roots of an untrimmed hedge—a gap which, on closer inspection, proves to be fenced with a stile. And if you care to force your way, with the certainty of having your cheeks scarred by the bramble sprays, you find yourself all abroad on the other side. You are in a field of waving clover, or in a fallow unmarked by any traces of a foot-track. But if you take your bearings by the nearest farm buildings, you are pretty sure to find a corresponding break in the bushy enclosure opposite. Seldom used and overgrown as they may be, these gaps and stiles are invaluable to the sportsman; otherwise, he would perpetually find himself "pounded" by impassable barriers it is impossible to breach and tedious to turn.

Whatever be one's opinion of "the good old times," it is certain that our forefathers made wonderful workmanship. It may be nothing out of the way to see farms of great antiquity scarcely showing signs of decay in their solid strength. But here we have cottages scattered all about the parish, to say nothing of many others in the town, which must have been built several hundred years ago more or less, and are still as serviceable and weather-tight as ever. We are happy to say that the walls bulge and the roofs bend; for their waving beauty-lines, like their time-painted colors, indescribably heighten the artistic effects. And there is something in a picturesque cottage—you may even call it a hovel if you will—that strikes you more poetically than a hall or a castle. Man has been working humbly with nature, in place of vaingloriously challenging her. Like the nest of the chaffinch, woven into the mossy bough, the cottage outlines and

tints blend themselves with the surrounding beauties — the copse behind overtops the roof-tree, the heathery thatch has been plucked from the heath hard by, and it seems natural that the shoots of the untrimmed roses should struggle in where they can at the broken lattices. Contrast the lot of the inmates with that of the better-paid artisan and the laborer in cities; but can there be any question which is the more enviable? The cottager may not always be sensible of the sources of the pleasures that console him for his toils, yet he realizes his blessings quickly enough if misadventure deprives him of them. Send him into a bare, whitewashed ward in the parish union, stow him away in the steerage of a New York or Australian liner, even let him consent to take up his quarters with the well-to-do son who exchanged the country for the town when a boy, and the shadows of homesickness settle heavily down upon him. It is then he remembers the brightness of the open prospect before his door, and the fresh breath of the breezes that braced him unconsciously against hardship and exposure. It is then his wife will sigh for the cottage door where she used to sit over her sewing or her spinning-wheel, listening to the hum of her industrious bees, in a bower of roses, wallflowers, and gilliflowers. They miss the song of the birds and the friendly twitter of the sparrows, and the neighbors they had known all their lives, with the kindly gossip and greetings. Nor, although never much given to moralizing, do they recall, without some pricking of conscience, the indifference, not to say the ingratitude, with which they used to receive the attentions of the rector, and the help in time of sickness or distress they could count upon from the great houses around them. For we are bound to say that the Kentish cottager has little of the sturdy self-dependence of the Scotch peasant. You need never cast about for an excuse to prevail on him to accept a half-crown or a shilling. Should he have any morbid feelings of pride, he slips them into his pocket with the smallest donation, and goes off with your tip in the evening to the public-house, where he probably forgets to drink your health.

But if the circumstances of their surroundings conspire to make men poets, our parish ought to boast its Clares and its Bloomfields, although we have never heard that it prides itself on such worthies. We have at least a score of cottages in our eye, each of them absolutely enchanting — at all events when admired from a

little distance; such cottages as you see in the Undercliff of the Isle of Wight, so far as the luxuriance of their simple gardens goes; such cottages in form and coloring as Birket Foster loves to paint. Here is one held by the lord of the manor on a six hundred years' lease granted by her Majesty Queen Elizabeth. It stands opposite the finger-post at the corner of the cross-roads in its carefully defined boundaries between the chart and the woodlands. It looks its age all over; yet its occupants, who are vain of its antiquity, notwithstanding their habits of grumbling, will assure you it is as good as new. There is a group of others within rifle-shot, half-way down an almost precipitous hill, facing the gravel-pit that is honeycombed by the sand-martins. The venerable black oaken beams are forming quaint patterns of tracery on the white-washed walls, while the lines and angles of the foundations and ground-floors offer the most remarkable studies in perspective. We have already taken a look at the cottages on the charts, and you come on others almost more lovely, buried away out of sight in the woods. For we had forgotten to say that, within the southern boundaries of Oakenhurst, there is a wood that almost takes the proportions of a forest, considering that it lies in one of the home counties, and is skirted by the railway to Dover. Here are thickets, and there are glades, with hollies overgrown with honeysuckle and gnarled thorns that have been warped by time, with roots as much above ground as below; while hidden in some swampy nook, like a wild-duck's nest among the sedges, stands the dwelling of some squatter, who is rich with his flocks of geese or the hogs he turns loose under the oak-trees.

As may be imagined, there is fair shooting in Oakenhurst. Pheasant-preserving pays very well in the great flat covers, cut up by rectangular rides; the cocks raise a perfect chorus of crowing of an autumn evening; and the birds may be seen pecking about by scores in the surrounding stubbles, to the temptation of the indifferent characters who hang about the Oakenhurst pot-houses. There is but little poaching all the same: a very moderate staff of watchers is found to suffice; and it is remarkable, indeed, how comparatively cheaply and bloodlessly the proprietors continue to do their preserving within easy reach of the London poulterers. Occasionally an astute laborer may go lounging about his work with some snares or wires in the pockets of his corduroys, or

he may stretch his limbs of an evening after his labors with a gun in pieces under his smock-frock. But we never hear of the gangs of truculent ruffians with blackened faces, who beat up the preserves in the mining or coal districts, murdering or maiming for life keepers and members of the police force. As for the partridges, we have them in plenty; but though the grass fields are bushed, there is little netting done, since neither by night nor by day can you ever be sure where to find a lot. The mangel and turnip crops are generally meagre: here and there may be a thick strip of clover or a flourishing patch of mustard; but then the birds take by preference to standing corn, or, after that is cut, to the various permanent covers. Unluckily the season of the hopping coincides with the September shooting; and during the hopping the sportsman is more at a loss than ever; for the pickers are swarming and shouting in the gardens, and perpetually passing to and fro, setting the partridges in motion. The coveys earn to take long flights, skimming low over the undulating ground, rising and twisting aside at an angle as they come upon some fresh lot of laborers, and finally dropping out of sight far beyond the ken of the markers. So, except on the flats in the valley beneath the northern chalk hills, we seldom or never make satisfactory bags, and we have long ceased to shoot over pointers or setters.

All the same, the sport is none the less enjoyable on that account for those who are content with a moderate day, and do not object to severe exercise. We shoot in parties of three or so, with some keepers and watchers interspersed in the line, and a steady spaniel or two trained to retrieve. A sharp-sighted boy is posted here and there by way of *vedette* on some point of vantage. And though it is awkward shooting among the trellised poles in the hop-gardens, and although the birds will rise wild from the close-shorn stubbles and from among the straggling roots, yet if we do mark them down in gorse or "short-cut," we are very likely to make up for lost time. And there is good fun on an off day among the pheasants in the hedgerows, with lots of rabbits thrown in. A gun on either side, and another ahead; a couple of spaniels rooting in the ditches; a rustling upwards among the branches, a swishing to and fro of the topmost sprays, and up goes a rocket to be cleverly grassed, if he does not play hide-and-seek with you behind the spreading boughs of some hedge oak. There is

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heavy firing, too, on a big "shoot" among the rabbits in the beginning of the winter, when the frosts have thinned the undergrowth and cut down the last of the leaves. Now you are picketed along the rides cut in the furze covers; now you are set in stations round a copse of oak and hazel saplings; now walking in line through the tree-stems in an open wood among the tufts of withered bracken; or, best of all, beating the face of a down dotted over with patches of furze and broom, where bunny, stopped short in his scuffle from his lair, is knocked head over heels to roll down like a ball, till the body is brought up of a sudden some hundred feet lower down. We could wish there were more snipe left; and ancient keepers delight in dilating on the flights of ducks and plumps of teals that used to haunt some of the ponds in the good old days ere the country was "spoiled" by ditching and draining. But we own to being sceptical as to these tales, for water is the great want of the parish; and, as may be gathered from what we have said elsewhere, nobody has much reason to complain of improvements.

Indeed a good third of Oakenhurst is never likely to repay reclaiming, unless the day shall come when speculative landjobbers shall cut it up into lots for suburban country-seats when the expanding metropolis has been brought a dozen of miles nearer. We can ourselves remember the time when hawks and gipsies had their haunts elsewhere on sites that are covered by villas in their gardens. But in the mean time, thanks to our charts and copses and hedgerows, hawks and owls of the more ordinary kinds are still common enough with us. As you take your walks abroad, you see the former sailing smoothly in circles overhead, or poised on their pinions in tremulous flutter, before swooping with outstretched talons on some victim; or if you chance to be strolling homewards in the dusk, the great brown owls go floating silently past you, their fine eye and ear far more intent on the movements of their prey on the ground than on the form or heavy footfall of the human intruder. The keepers will tell you, of course, that we have a great superfluity of vermin; and no doubt the keepers are right. Yet they would have less of our sympathy in the war that they wage did we not know that they never can exterminate their enemies. The foxes, of course, are sacred, and we admire the hawk tribe. We like to hear the harsh scream of the jay, and have a transient

glimpse of the brilliant plumage that reminds us of birds of tropical climates. We don't even object to the roguish magpie, balancing himself conspicuously on his perch with that jerk of his saucy tail. But there is no soft spot in our heart for the hooded crow, the bloodthirsty exterminator of the weak and the helpless; nor yet for the polecats, stoats, and weasels, those sanguinary members of the sylvan secret societies. So that, like Catherine of Medicis before the gibbets of Montfaucon, we canloat over the show on the "keepers' trees," although such muligned victims as the birds of Minerva had much better have been spared. Conspicuous among the relics of malefactors who have well deserved their fate, are the tails of the domestic cats run wild, that range the woods from the cottages where they harbor, and ruthlessly exercise free warrenry and venerie.

Small birds and singing birds swarm, as we have said; and in the autumn, when the days are closing in and the leaves are coming down, and the first of the keen frosts is killing the bedding-plants in the gardens, mixed multitudes of birds of passage begin to gather into the hedges. There is fine feeding for any number of them among the hips, haws, and holly-berries that brighten the leafless twigs or the evergreens in a glow of scarlet and orange. Their rush before you for a score of yards at a time, if you come upon them while shooting down the side of a hedge-row, makes a rustle among the branches like the noise of many breezes. But far the most characteristic of the migrants that have a special fancy for our parish is the night-jar, who makes his haunt upon the heaths, and hunts in the higher fir woods. Jesse remarks, in a note to his edition of White's "Selborne," that these curious birds are far more rarely to be met with nowadays than in Gilbert White's time, in consequence of the great extension of enclosures. That is the reason why they have taken refuge and abound in parishes like Oakenhurst. Smoking your cigar on an upland lawn of a summer evening, you hear that wild, long-drawn jar, sounding from many directions around you. Nothing is more deceptive as to distance, except, perhaps, the cry of the land-rail. But should you chance to be driving out to dinner in the twilight, or returning in the clear moonshine, as you let your horse pull you leisurely up the hill, where the road is climbing between the double banks in the spruce woods, you will see the night-jar

flitting across, ahead, and zigzagging in his downy flight across the charts. Or you may catch sight of him on his perch on the topmost pine-shoot, his head well down and his tail in the air, while he is hard at work grinding out the rattle which vibrates far and wide in undulations of sound, according to the stillness and the condition of the atmosphere. Like the hedgehog and other harmless creatures, he is the subject of absurd superstitions, and of many injurious calumnies. So much may be said in extenuation of his calumniators, that his nocturnal habits give occasion to evil tongues; and then, like most suspected characters, he rejoices in a variety of aliases—night-jar, night-hawk, fern-owl. They never call him the goat-sucker in Oakenhurst, probably because nobody keeps a goat; but we believe that the keepers here, as everywhere else, shoot him down chiefly on account of his unlucky name of the night-hawk.

We have not much to brag of in the way of historical or archæological associations, although the Kentish Archæological Society once paid us a visit. They say that Henry the Eighth used to visit at the Cross and Crozier, which subsequently changed its sign to the King's Head, when he had "cut the pope adrift," in the words of the "Ingoldsby Legends." And there is a grey stone half sunken in the ridge of Oakenhurst chart, where it is rumored that he was wont to breathe his horses in riding southward to his flirtations with Anne Boleyn. It is certain at least that the woods of Hever, and the tall, tapering spire of its parish church, are full in view from that commanding eminence; although the moated keep and battlements of the Boleyn castle lie well out of view in an intervening hollow. There is an old mansion of the Cobhams too in Oakenhurst town, originally a vicarage, which stands in its encircling ponds in a blaze of flower-beds and a wilderness of flowering shrubbery. Nothing can be more cheery than the bright rooms with the great bay-windows looking out into the green meadows behind, yet so slightly removed from the bustle of the High Street. But there are rumors of secrets in the cellarage which have never been disclosed, or only disclosed to some trusted individuals. The terrace walk is said to be mined by subterranean passages, which communicated with the site now covered by the brewery buildings, but formerly a cloister of Carmelite nuns. And *apropos* to the sign of the Cross and Crozier, there were reasons for the an-

cient hostelry of Oakenhurst advertising itself by so markedly ecclesiastical a title. For half-way up the chalk hills behind, there runs the famous pilgrims' road. Chaucer's merry and motley band, and many another troop combining pleasure with religion, must have drawn bridle to bait at Oakenhurst. Many a sin-laden sufferer like Sweyn, the first-born of Earl Godwin, when he had donned the pilgrim's weeds under the ban of the Witan, must have plodded along that lonely road. Even now the road is carried wide of human life, past solitary farmhouses, or under bleak downs, between thick hedges covered with hazel-nuts, leaving scarcely room for two vehicles to pass. Dotted about against the white chalk are black, bushy yew-trees, in knots or singly. Some of these might be old enough to have furnished bows to the archers in the wars of France and the Roses. They say, too, that each yew marks a pilgrim's resting-place, as the cypress in the land of the Turk shades the headstone of a true believer; though it is hard to suppose that pilgrims could have tailed off and dropped so fast, in an age when few cared to carry austerity to excess, and when the staff, the scrip, and the scallop-shell were passports to charity everywhere.

The Established Church is in the ascendant with us, although rather in virtue of its *prestige* than anything else. The population has never been tossed on those waves of revival that have ruffled the souls of Highland parishes in Scotland; and all that Dissent can do is to hold on, without actually expiring of inanition. The irregular pastor, who is supported by the voluntary contributions of his flock, must have lean times of it, to judge by his appearance and the beggarly show on the benches in his tabernacle. The shoemaker who delivers soul-stirring philippics of a Sunday, and who seldom lets slip an opportunity of denouncing the Muggletonian divine, is far better off. For he lives by the labor of his hands on the weekdays, and preaches in an upper loft that is lent him and lighted for him by a seriously-inclined corn-factor; so that any money collected at the doors is clear profit for congregational purposes. Now and then, and especially in market times or about the hop-picking, one or two wandering missionaries, whose earnestness rather outruns their discretion, will set up an *al fresco* Ebenezer on the green before the church. But waving the question of good taste—since the shrill treble of their hymns clashes with the tones of the

organ—they generally have a listless congregation or none at all.

The parishioners who attend the church have no reason to complain of their parson. He is exemplary in both his private and his official relations; and if his lines have fallen to him in pleasant places, and if his nest in the vicarage is tolerably well feathered, so much the better for the members of his flock. There is little absolute destitution in Oakenhurst. There is an imposing pile of cottage almshouses, and the panels of the front of the gallery in the church are emblazoned with inscriptions recording the charitable disposition of crumbs of their property by men who had quite done with it, and whose dust is mouldering in the churchyard. How Walter Fakenham, gentleman, bequeathed the sum of £300, three per cent. consols, in perpetuity; the yearly proceeds to be devoted to supplementing the sustenance of six impoverished widows of fair fame—the selection of the said widows to be at the discretion of the rector and the churchwardens for the time being, etc. etc. Still, the poor in England will be always with one, whatever the charitable funds they have to draw upon; and this the good rector and his lady are never suffered to forget. Every evening in the winter, and more or less all the year round, there is a larger or smaller *levée* of applicants assembled at his kitchen door. In the hard frosts, when the laborers are frozen out, the scene in the stable-yard reminds one of the courts of the old convents in Rome or Naples, before the Italian rookeries had been swept away by the stern edicts of a latitudinarian parliament. The rector goes about in all weather almost as indefatigably as the parish doctors, and we can hardly say more in his favor than that. There is soup to be sent out to some sickly child, blighted by consumption before she has bloomed. There is a bottle of port for the elderly laborer, who has at last "caught his death of cold" while working in the ditches in all weathers. And there is quinine for the old folks who are suffering from the neuralgia which hangs about with the fogs in the bottom of the valleys.

If the rector is proud of anything, it is of his prize Dorkings, and of his church. Of the former we need say nothing. Has not their fame been sounded in the ears of the frequenters of the grand poultry-shows everywhere between Islington and Sydenham? But the venerable church is really an interesting monument, with the tracery of its windows and the quaint

sculpture of its gargoyles; with the soberly blazoned windows and sculptured tablets that happily escaped the ravages of the iconoclasts; with its square grey tower dominating the chimneyed and gabled house-tops, between the downs and the woodlands—the tower capped at one corner by the lantern characteristic of earlier Kentish church architecture. Those storied tablets between the pillars of the aisles record the virtues and biographies of departed Godwins; while the flags of the chancel are inlaid with brasses of Godwins in chain-mail, their hounds reposing at their feet; of Godwins in slashed doublets and trunk-hose; of female Godwins in ruffs and pointed stomachers. In a low, long niche in one of the side aisles, lies the cross-legged effigy of Ranulph de Oakenhurst, whose maternal ancestor was one of the numerous brothers-in-law of the mighty conqueror; whose banner streamed against the Saracens in the crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion, and who is said, by the most authentic county histories, to have had excellent reason for expatriating himself in his high-handed proceedings with his vassals and his serfs. Although it is honorable, lying in the sacred fane, yet, speaking for ourselves, we would rather repose in the peaceful "God's acre" that slopes gently to the southward, towards the limpid brook that bubbles at the bottom. If phantoms charmed away expectation by admiration of the lovely scenes they had failed to appreciate when in the flesh, nowhere could they find a more entrancing waiting-place. Yews that were set in the soil many a century ago, have flourished in the dust of innumerable generations. Some of the mighty trunks are tumbling to pieces in decay, being rent with the weight of their ponderous boughs. They are studded, like the timbers of a dungeon door, with the clamps and fragments of rustful iron bands that have burst and since been replaced by others. The melancholy blackness of these venerable trees is relieved by the brighter foliage of the thorns, which are clothed in the freshness of spring with a bloom of variegated blossoms; and it is the pretty fashion of the place to deck the grave with the flowers which grow so freely in the cottage gardens, so that on an Easter Sunday and some other high days, the moss-grown tombstones of the forgotten forefathers of the village are lightened with the rosy reflection from the adornment of the fresher graves.

From the church to the public-houses, to the inns, and to "the hotel," is a not

unnatural transition, seeing that the most frequented of these last look out on the triangular green whose base is bounded by church and churchyard; and notwithstanding the well-deserved popularity of the rector, we must add in conscience that these hostleries are the most in favor. The Oakenhurst tradespeople complain of the hardness of the times—of keen competition with shopkeepers in London—and they grumble over the blight of the co-operative societies, which is preying like a cankerworm on their modest profits. But in spite of a general mutual indebtedness and rumors of bills of sale over goods that are bought on credit, they continue to keep a fair amount of conviviality going. There is a little informal club of cronies which meets almost nightly in the Godwin Arms. The parlor set apart for the use of the members looks out on the stable-yard behind, and summer and winter the shutters are scrupulously put up at a certain hour, to screen the interior from the eyes of the curious. The good ladies of the members may regard the gathering with dislike, but they are aware that it is distinctly *de rigueur* to belong to it; and if husbands keep unholy hours, and sometimes make unnecessary noise in mounting the staircase to the nuptial chamber, the wives are "squared" and soothed with the finery they are fond of flaunting in. The uninitiated know nothing authoritatively of the proceedings. The landlord and James the elderly waiter are bound over by self-interest to extreme discretion. But should you happen to be hanging about in the inner lobby while your horses are putting to, you recognize familiar voices exciting themselves in warm disputation, while a rush of spirituous fragrance comes to your nostrils when the door is opened for the execution of orders. The best of us may be overtaken under the seductions of good-fellowship, but the presence of Mr. Baggs, churchwarden for the congregation, and of Mr. Garbett, the venerable parish clerk, ought to be a guarantee for the habitual respectability of the proceedings. The general tone of politics among the Oakenhurst *bourgeoisie* is conservative, but Knocker the coach-builder is a red-hot radical, who never cared to conceal his sympathies with the Commune; and should he get to loggerheads with such fiery spirits as Shortrib the butcher, and Spavin the veterinary surgeon, that would sufficiently explain the animation in his arguments. We have reason to fear, too, that debts of honor will sometimes get awkwardly mixed up with commercial

transactions. For not a few of the gentlemen are dead hands at loo and "vanjohn" — indeed round games at cards and little suppers are a favorite form of entertainment in their private residences; while Spavin and the Godwin bailiff are professed betting men, having their books on each meeting from Croyden to Lewes.

There is a different society altogether of market-days. Then the access to the bar is blocked up with bulky farmers, with jolly, hearty faces, and cheeks like Kentish pippins, in broadskirted coats with voluminous pockets, and breeches, gaiters, and square-toed boots. Though there is a sprinkling of the younger generation of agriculturists and speculative corn-factors, who run up to town periodically to have dealings with brokers in the borough, who disport themselves in smart cutaway velvetens and gorgeous neckties with horse-shoe pins. The talk of these younger bloods is of horse-flesh and music-halls as much as of corn and hops and bullocks. At the farmer's ordinary it is a case of cut and come again, amidst the merry roar of stentorian voices, the clink of tankards, and the jingle of glasses; when Boniface, the dapper little landlord, has come staggering in under some ponderous sirloin, and the table would groan under its burden of joints if it were not warranted up to any weight. Then Maltby of the brewery will be voted into the chair, or Grindley the great miller and hop-grower, or old Mr. Pigswash from the Moatfarm; while Skinner, the lean, weasel-faced lawyer, will drop in from his office over the way, and get value for the price of his dinner by doing some strokes of business on the sly. It takes all Mr. Skinner's tact to be equal to the embarrassments of the situation; but he has the knack of always looking after the main chance, with an appearance of devil-may-care *bonhomie* that imposes on people, although it scarcely deceives them. The farmers, who have very good reason to respect his sinister powers, eye him askance, and are extraordinarily civil; but every now and then — *in vino veritas* — they will blurt out a frank bit of their minds, and make him flush into vindictive anger, notwithstanding his practised self-control.

There is less to say about the Red Lion, since it chiefly lays itself out for a class of stranger customers. There the room for commercial gentleman has the importance which is given to the market room over the way. There are sure to be three or four bagmen's double dog-carts drawn up under the shed in the courtyard, and there

is a pile of leather-strapped cases in the passage. The owners of these are eating, drinking, and getting cheerful, previous to going on their way rejoicing, after paying their round of business visits. And in summer the Red Lion makes the most in way of advertisement of the unrivalled attractions of the neighborhood, tempting down quiet holiday-makers from town by offer of fishing and reasonable board. In the latter it is said to perform nearly as much as it promises. As to the former, it is quite marvellous how little the Cockney will be contented with, when everything except the fishing is to his mind. For, with the patience which should be the badge of the much-enduring race, you will see the citizen fisherman going by day after day to whip the few hundred yards of water which the host of the Lion rents of Squire Godwin; and each evening you may mark his complacent return, though his basket is lighter when he started by his luncheon.

The Royal Oak, the Jolly Hoppers, and the Fighting Cocks, form so many successive steps in the descending scale. The first is the resort of the smallest tradesfolk; the second, of the steadier laborers and carriers and wagoners in transit; the third, of all the village ne'er-do-wells, of tramps, and of the travellers who are under the surveillance of the police. As for the Fighting Cocks, it is an unmitigated nuisance. In broad daylight, the benches before the door are often crowded with roisterers who remind you of the Boracchos of Velasquez or one of Jordaen's Flemish pictures. There is the gross laugh and the coarse language, the foul oath and sometimes the savage blow. Bold women with weather-battered faces and tangled hair exchange rough ribaldry with their lords and masters, who pass them the pewter-pots in their more generous moments, as the Bedouin throws the leavings of his feast to his wives. The dingy little drinking-dens within doors are the horror of the gamekeepers, — for though, as we have said, there is but little poaching in the parish, it is here that anything of the kind is planned. And if the keepers were called as evidence to the landlord's character, unquestionably his license would be promptly cancelled. One is familiar with the aspect of these rural boozing-kens. A low-browed door, as repulsive to reputable customers as the similarly forbidding feature in the landlord; a dirty window, with curtains of faded crimson, to screen the questionable doings within doors; with a wooden stand

at the corner, that bears, by way of fruit, clusters of battered and indented beer-pots. The place does a tremendous trade in the hopping time, when messengers from all the surrounding encampments crowd to it for the nightly supplies of their companies, and when occasionally an adult envoy tries to take away as much as he can conveniently carry in his person. We should be sorry to stake the character of English ale on the taps they draw at a place like the Fighting Cocks. There may be chemicals that come cheaper than inferior hops even when you are brewing in the middle of the hop districts; and at all events the "Cocks," being a "brewers' house," is a convenient channel for disposing of the brewers' failures. When a man is smoking rancid tobacco, and muddling himself in his cups, his palate is even less fastidious than usual; but his stomach and his stamina must suffer all the same, however strong they may have been made by nature.

Appeals have frequently been made to the squire on the subject of local public-house reform, but always unsuccessfully. Were he witness himself to any act that was overtly discreditable, he would speak his mind freely enough, and soon put abuse down by the strong hand. But whenever he rides down the High Street, disorder is hushed before the sound of his horse-hoofs; and he is known to hold tale-bearing in abomination, while he notoriously carries his conservative instincts to an extreme. Possibly because he is an aristocrat to the backbone, he shows extreme consideration for the sensibilities of his dependants; he detests meddling in their affairs save in the way of kindness, and would never rob a poor man of his beer because he suspects that the beer is bad. If the poor man does not like the tap, he can carry his custom elsewhere. At all events, the squire does his duty by him so far in showing what ale ought to be, when he is invited to the hospitality of Oakenhurst Place, at a harvest-home or any entertainment of the kind. The squire is an excellent landlord, though he might be even a better one were he to attend more closely to the business of his properties. Perhaps he is hardly the less popular that he holds himself apart, since it is from reserve and want of readiness far more than from pride. He is getting on for the threescore years and ten, and for the forty years since he succeeded to an uncle and sold out of the Guards, he has been settled in solitude in the great house. As it happens, for three genera-

tions, and for nearly ninety years, the squires of Oakenhurst have been bachelors. So that there is rather a depressing absence of sweetness and light in the great rooms of the old Elizabethan house. Here and there a modern easy-chair, or a luxurious lounging sofa, have been introduced among the massive furniture that looks as if it would last to doomsday. But the heavy Turkey carpets have taken the tinge of the black oak panelling, and they are never replaced till they are frayed into tatters, owing simply to procrastination, not to parsimony.

In anything that falls in with his personal tastes or his stately ideas of the necessities of his position, Squire Godwin is magnificent. Although he seldom hunts of late years, since he has been feeling twinges of rheumatism, save when the hounds are drawing his Oakenhurst covers, he has always half-a-dozen of made hunters in his stables to mount himself or a friend. The steppers he drives in his chariot or mail-phæton are matched to a hair. The pair of cobs which carry him about the estate, and which can easily be persuaded to take a fence on occasion, are models of breeding and solid symmetry, and do credit to their Norfolk pedigrees. There is always something worth looking at to be seen in the paddocks, where playful colts and fillies are grazing among pensioners more or less worn out. There is an unnecessary number of grooms and helpers under the corpulent old coachman, who acts as master of the horse; and they have their quarters under his immediate supervision, in rooms on one side of the cheerful courtyard that is finished off by the great clock-tower with the gilded cupola. The gardens are kept up rather as a matter of state; but the squire passes more than once in the day along the sunny terrace-walk that leads to the keeper's cottage and the kennels. The occupants of these last are rather select than numerous; but the Oakenhurst breed of spaniels has long been famous, and the squire would sooner give away the presentation to a living than part lightly with one of his ebony favorites. There is no prettier spot in the park than the slope below the hanging beech-wood, where the many-gabled cottage stands under the walnut-tree. On the one side are the ranges of pheasant-coops that are shifted about upon the lawns that lie beyond the garden and the beehives; on the other the kennels on the little brook that is dammed back in a pool in the middle of the exercise-yard. And there most me-

thodically, almost every tolerable morning about eleven, the squire mounts the cob that has been sent forward for him, and starts upon a ride round his wood and home farm. His constitutional shyness may be confounded with pride; but he is rather the kindly companion than the master with the keeper or porter or bailiff who goes striding along by his stirrup. There are some valued tenants, too, whose "forebears" have clung for generations to the soil, who are looking out anxiously for the greeting that almost invariably leads on to a chat. Though there are seven-years' breaks in all the leases, they know they are just as securely rooted as the Godwin family itself; and should they come under a passing cloud of misfortune, they count upon the squire to see them clear of it.

The grand festivity at the place is the annual hunting breakfast; so much the better if there are two or more of these. Then the hounds and horses are crowded on the grand gravel sweep, and the long-drawn tables in the hall, the great dining-room, and the morning-room are a tight fit for the squadrons of guests. These meets on the Oakenhurst lawn bring men to the hunt who never hunt on any other occasion; and gentlemen who are given to craning at other times are apt after these to take lines of their own, in place of hustling each other at gates and gaps. In another style there is the harvest-home: when the bailiff has instructions to stretch a point, in the way of issuing his invitations; when the beams and rafters of the huge barn disappear in the foliage of the evergreens, and festoons of dahlias and sunflowers; when the barrel of home-brewed is broached; when the oxen and fatlings are killed, and poultry and pigeons are slaughtered by the score; when the squire, though unaccustomed to public speaking, takes the chair, supported by his familiar friends—makes half-a-dozen of short but sententious orations amid vociferous applause, and then solemnly proceeds to open the ball, which is kept up with undiminished vigor through the small hours. And then there are the *battues* in autumn and winter; when every man who has the faintest pretension makes interest to be enrolled in the regiment of beaters, when the toils of the day are broken by the dinner under the greenwood tree, and when the triumphs of the bag are crowned in the evening by a sporting supper in the servants' hall.

We need not go the round of the surrounding houses that are still inhabited by

families long settled in the county, and of the sundry substantial mansions in the town, occupied by scions of county houses, by retired officers, *et id genus omne*. All of these have stepped naturally into their places, and with all of them the squire is on friendly or cordial terms. But his *bêtes noires* are the new men who have been encroaching on the neighborhood in virtue of purchase, and the antipathies he cherishes in their regard are shared by the humble classes around. More than one of them have paid a heavy price for most beautiful situations with most incommodious residences. They have either pulled down the latter or transmogrified them out of knowledge, and very naturally. But the squire cannot away with these brand-new turrets and battlements, so conspicuous in their ostentatious splendor from the familiar points in the landscape. Respectful admirer as he is of the fair sex, and the more so, perhaps, that he has never mated with any individual, he shrinks from the showy toilets which confront him in his family pew. Though he has no special pride in the produce of his garden, he dislikes seeing his gardener run hard by rare varieties of tropical plants at the Oakenhurst flower-show; and he takes the appearance of some pair of handsome carriage-horses set-off by unknown crests on the harness as a personal insult to his stables. By nature he is really most kindly and good-humored, and it is not in him to do an unkindly thing, unless under strong momentary provocation. So it is a sight for the student of humanity to see him when he is brought into involuntary contact with Mr. Veneer, the great furniture dealer in the Tottenham Court Road, or with the respectable Mr. Solomons who is so thoroughly satisfied with himself, and who conducts pawnbroking operations on a stupendous scale. Both Veneer and Solomons are excellent people, and in a lifetime of close application to business have well earned an honorable retirement. But it may be a question whether they have not made a mistake in anticipating the railways, and coming so far afield. Purse-pride is their weakness, and certainly they get through a great deal of money. Their grounds are kept like villa lawns at Fulham; they have a wealth of pineries and graperies and forcing-pits; and the appointments of their sumptuous mansions are the most showy that money can procure. But they are lavish in the wrong place, and often parsimonious on trifles. They have a horror of seeming to be done, in-

stead of sometimes submitting to it as a matter of course; and as their conduct is regarded most critically by humble applicants for their bounty, the occasional refusal of a shilling often effaces a long score of charity. Then their wives and daughters are in a perpetual dilemma, and have either to hold themselves apart in their solitary splendor, or else fall back on the society of the families of the more upsetting farmers, which might prejudice their social status to all time. Altogether, these new arrivals are a disturbing element in our parochial harmony — the more so that their settlement is a sign of the times, and that they excite uneasy apprehensions of revolution in the immediate future. For the probability is that in another generation, or even less, the ancient glories of Oakenhurst will have departed, although the influx of bullion and its free circulation may certainly bring material compensation.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CHEAP LITERATURE FOR VILLAGE
CHILDREN.

EACH year, as Christmas approaches, the newspaper columns are crowded with the names of every kind of story-book for boys and girls of all ages; and as we turn over the piles of gaily-bound, cleverly illustrated, and amusing-looking tales, which at that season cover the booksellers' counters, we cordially assent to the oft-repeated assertion of these same newspapers, that, in the matter of juvenile literature, the lot of children of the present time has been cast in good days. The remark, however, is only true in a limited application. These attractive publications are intended for the little people who wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; but if we turn to the literature provided for the far larger class of children who are less fortunately circumstanced, we shall find little enough upon which to congratulate ourselves. True, the story-books, costing from fourpence to one shilling and sixpence, are nicely got up and pleasing enough to the eye; nevertheless, with the rarest exceptions, they are of a dullness and insipidity which would hardly be conceived by any who had not suffered under an intimate acquaintance with them.

The difference between these tales and the 3s. 6d. and 5s. volumes which find their way into the hands of the children of the upper classes, is so striking, and so

independent of any that need arise from the difference in their cost, that one cannot but be set thinking as to the why and wherefore of a contrast so marked and so offensive to the cottage child. The result of our reflections we propose to give in the following pages.

We believe that the inferiority of the poor child's store of books to that of his richer neighbor arises from the difference of principle on which the two libraries are constructed. The works intended for the latter are not bought at random, but are carefully chosen on the recommendation of friends or reviews. Educated children are keen critics; their parents know how disappointed they would be with a book containing distorted representations of child life, stilted language, or obtrusive moral, and they make their purchases accordingly; whence it ensues that publishers are obliged, at the risk of a dead loss, to see that they provide works which will meet the demand. But as regards the demand, and therefore also the supply of tales for the lower-class children, the case is quite different, for all this thoughtful care is absent. The laborer has seldom any sixpences or shillings to spare for buying books, and those which his boy or girl possesses are sure to be school prizes, or gifts from the family of the squire or vicar.

Now the donors have probably had a multitude of like presents to make, and have had no idea of taking the trouble of reading two or three dozen such volumes in order to see if they are worth giving away. They have bought a large number at once, and have then dispensed them as occasion demanded, without a thought as to their contents. Moreover, they have meant their gifts more for the improvement than the amusement of the recipient; and still further, whether they either improved or amused has remained forever a secret from them, for since the orthodox "Thank you, ma'am," was spoken, they have never heard anything of the estimation in which they were held. This system obviously takes from the purchaser all control over the publishers, who are at perfect liberty to pass off on him any rubbish whatsoever, a liberty of which they avail themselves without restraint.

One matter, indeed, is always considered by those who buy story-books for the poor: they must be perfectly "safe;" there must be nothing in them to "set the parish in a flame." That is, they must inculcate the precise shade of religious teaching current in the place. The parish-

ioners of the Low Church clergyman must not be scandalized by reading that "Sister Olive had sat up all night at her embroidery frame in order that the new crimson book-markers and stoles should be ready for St. Peter's day;" nor must the flock of the ritualistic curate be informed that "the truly Christian child, Ebenezer Jones, repeated the thanksgiving reverentially after the minister." But the sale for small books would soon fall off if there were not a less troublesome way of insuring this than that of wading through vast numbers of them. No! it is the name of the publisher or society on the title-page which is the guarantee of their "safeness," to the High Church priest, the Evangelical minister, or the far larger class of reverends who "hold no extreme views."

We will now, in hopes of inducing at least some of our readers to look into the matter for themselves, and to cease distributing books of which they know nothing, make a few remarks on, and give a few extracts from, some of these stories. Let us look first at the plots: there is this sweeping objection to almost all of them; the good boy is liberally rewarded by praise, presents, and prosperity, generally before sunset; whilst the bad boy is punished by death, mutilation, or some awful visitation from above in as short a period. Surely such teaching as this must be condemned, if on no other grounds than its extreme untruthfulness.

But there is another curious phenomenon with regard to the plots, which is this. The same story appears over and over again with hardly more than a change of names, till to one versed in this literature, the title, and a page or two at the beginning, gives a clue to the rest of the story, which could then be finished by heart.

Has any one ever had a packet from London without finding in it several versions of that most obnoxious tale concerning the pious child of a drunken father, who reclaims his parent, either by praying aloud for him, or by making unwittingly some remark which "pierces him to the heart" just at the moment when he is standing unobserved behind the door?

This appears to us to inculcate the worst possible moral: can anything be so undesirable as to accustom children to regard their elders as subjects for their spiritual ministrations, and must not a child's single-mindedness be utterly destroyed by leading it to expect that the answer to its prayer will come through the impression produced by its own superior

sanctity? Take, for example, a leaflet called "Will Father be a Goat, Mother?" In it James Stirling's son, a boy of four, listens to his mother reading Matthew xxv., after which, just as James has arrived, half-drunk, at the usual place of concealment behind the door, "the dear, attentive child" raises his head, and gazing in his mother's face with irrepressible "interest" (what a word!) asks, "Will father be a goat, then, mother?" James Stirling was apparently gratified at being looked on as an interesting case by his son: a few days after he took the pledge, and became a "Christian philanthropist in humble life."

Far be it from us to say that a child's simple question may not before now have touched the conscience of some evil liver; but for whose benefit, we ask, is this ever-recurring anecdote intended? It can hardly be written in order to suggest to children that they should make religious remarks with a view to being overheard by their erring parent, but still less, one would think, can it be intended to suggest to the erring parent that he may perhaps some day be struck by a casual observation of his child's, for nothing could be more certain than that after a course of such reading he would stand perfectly unmoved behind the door when his own turn came; instead of "from that day becoming a changed man."

The High Churchman has the best chance of escaping this incident, for it is least in harmony with his teaching; yet even he will surely have one copy of it in his collection, with this difference only, that the reclamation will be effected by his being persuaded by Harry to go to church on Easter Day, just to "see the decorations," which he had been helping to put up; and there the illuminated text over the altar will so strike him that ever after he will "tidy himself up a bit" on Sundays and attend his parish church, to the overwhelming joy of Harry. As a specimen of this, we offer "The Secret" (Masters) to the reader's notice.

Hardly less frequent than the preceding, though otherwise perfectly unobjectionable, is the following plot. A very poor but very virtuous boy, with a sick sister who is pining away for want of strengthening food and medicine, picks up a purse, or else receives a pound which a kind lady gives him by mistake for a shilling. He is assailed by severe mental struggles, for the money in his hand might be the means of saving his invalid sister. All of a sudden, however, a text or hymn occurs to him: he hastens out in search of the rightful

owner of his prize; with some difficulty he discovers her, and restores it, explaining in broken accents that "he could not keep it because it would have been wrong." He is then of course patronized, employed, and supported, he and his, ever after. We have four specimens of this story before us at this moment out of but a small pile of books—"Honest Owen," "Larry Conner's Charge," "The Conscientious Little Boy," and "The Little Street-Sweeper" (the last being the second story in a book called "Ellen and Sarah").

Another tale that the packet will by no means be without, is that of the good boy who went to service under a godless butler and a vulgar, blaspheming footman; who was first beguiled into bad company in the public-house, and afterwards required to assist his boon companions in robbing his master's safe; who then recollecting some words from his clergyman when he was an innocent child at home, refused; and was struck down or shot the night of the burglary, to recover among good influences in a hospital, and turn over a new leaf; while the footman and his friends serve a term of fourteen years or so in penal servitude.*

Then there will be an account of the competition for a prize at X school (the writers of these stories can seldom find names for all their places and people), where Anne, the brilliant but wicked girl at the head of the first class, is defeated by the plodding though commendable Jane; and where, just before the bestowal of the prize Anne either stains with ink the neatly finished shirt which has thrown hers into the shade, or else surreptitiously changes the marks and substitutes it for her own. At the last moment, however, the sin of course finds the sinner out, to the tearful triumph of virtue and the dire confusion of vice.

Nor will the story be absent of the child who longs and dreams, and toils and saves, so as to be able to buy a Bible; but who, just as his store is sufficient meets with some case of destitution and misery, to the relief of which he feels that it is his duty to consecrate his resources. Howbeit, we do not suffer ourselves to be much harrowed, having sufficient confidence in the vigilance of the district visitor and clergyman to feel sure that his generous conduct will shortly be discovered and rewarded.

Besides these, we shall find the anecdote

about the disobedient boys who get into a cave by the seaside and are caught by the rising tide, but who are happily rescued by their father just as the waves begin to "lap their feet;" and a host of imitations of "Alone in London," in which some old man or woman adopts a deserted little child, which sheds sunshine around their declining years. As samples we may name "Alice Neville," and "Adie's Guardian."

Nearly all the rest will be dissertations against some particular fault, which fault is never allowed to drop out of sight for one moment. In the typical story against vanity in dress, foolish Ellen appears to have no idea except the "bright ribbon" for her hat; her kind aunt never opens her mouth except to blame her for her folly; her right-thinking friend seems to have forgotten every theme except the superiority of brown ribbon to pink; the excellent clergyman happens to preach on sober apparel; the judicious schoolmaster praises the right-thinking friend for her neat dress, and compares her with Ellen, to the disadvantage of the latter; the good ladies from the hall bewail her evil propensity to her kind aunt, and the neighbors all prophesy a bad end to her career, a prophecy which is inevitably fulfilled, unless an opportune bereavement or typhus fever ensues, to convince her of the nothingness of bright millinery.

From the plots we may turn to the *dramatis persona* required for these tales, which, however, are but few:—1st, The Kind Clergyman; 2nd, Parents or Guardians; 3rd, Hero or Heroine; 4th, His or Her Friend; 5th, Cottage Visitor.

1st. The Kind Clergyman. In the books from the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, he is generally an elderly gentleman, with a stout walking-stick and a large white tie, who goes about with a perennial flow of spiritual admonition for every one. In the High Church books the clergyman is young, energetic, and unvaryingly cheerful; the successor of one of the venerable gentlemen with the walking-stick and white tie. He is more authoritative than his fore-runner; he exercises a marvellous influence in the parish, and is in general not nearly so wearisome as his less exalted prototype, being in the habit of mingling a spice of worldly conversation with his religious talk, for which we are thankful, though we know it is only introduced as a means of winning the refractory. In the publications of the Religious Tract Society the clergyman is conspicuous chief-

* Vide "James Brown in Service," and "The Temptation, a Tale."

ly by his absence, being kept very much in the background (lest priestcraft should creep in unawares), and his place is supplied by an aged cottager of either sex, dear to all the village, but to those who are not under the spell of his presence, and only read his sayings, intolerably tedious. It would not be fair to expect much versatility of talent from a villager of seventy, but still we cannot help being astonished at the unbroken monotony in the style of his ministrations, and wondering at the ascendancy which he preserves over the minds of his acquaintance. "Old Humphrey's Bundle of Stories" offers a good instance of this aged cottager, in the story of a turn taken one summer's day in the village of Brompton Leas by a "truly cheerful and Christian-hearted old man" named Joel Stokes. This worthy reformer had but one method of opening his conversations, namely, that of putting to every one he met the question, "How do you get on?" a remark which, as the book proudly observes, "may be applied to all," and truly we grow weary enough of its repetition before Stokes's walking powers are exhausted, and he returns to his hearth and home. He first wends his way to the smithy, and asks the blacksmith, "How do you get on?" Norbury, the smith, replies that he "gets on pretty well at the anvil," and Joel departs, reminding him that it is "all very well to be a first-rate workman," but that he must also remember "to fear the Lord." He next accosts little Martha Bailliss, and inquires how "she gets on," and exhorts her to remember the text, "Love one another." He then calls at Master Stallert's, the stonemason's, and addresses his usual question. Master Stallert is vexed at the time, having just made a mistake and cut a wrong letter on a tombstone. Joel assures him that the greatest mistake he could make would be to "mistake the way to heaven;" and after this assertion, which, however true, does not seem to have been much to the point at the moment, proceeds to Mrs. Winn's, and inquires how she "gets on." Mrs. Winn, who is old and rheumatic, states that she is very ill, and has little hope of ever being better; so bestowing a parcel of tea, and advising her to go for comfort to the "widow's refuge, the ever-blessed Word of God," he leaves the cottage, and meets Mr. Dobbs jogging along on his pony. "Well, Mr. Dobbs, how do you get on?" he says. The farmer speaks of bad weather, and the harvest; and Joel recommends him to bear in mind that "there is a har-

vest of another sort near at hand, in which God will gather his sheaves into his heavenly garner." His next victim is the mole-catcher: "How do you get on?" asks Stokes. "There is vermin enough," replies Morris; "but then I get very little money for it." Modestly likening himself and his friend to vermin, Stokes observes that it becomes both of them to take care that "the prince of darkness does not set his traps for them." He next meets the sexton, and greets him with the usual form, "And how do you get on?" The sexton complains of ague-fits; and Joel reminds him of the words of Moses, "Be strong and of a good courage;" after which, the sun having happily set, he is obliged to bring his expedition to a close.

Space forbids us to extract the wise sayings of another venerable cottager, in "Old Humphrey's Pleasant Pages." Suffice it to say that Alan Doyle, who "turned all things to account," used to do so in no other method than by moralizing for seven lines upon some object in nature, and then quoting four lines of a hymn which applied more or less to the matter of his reflections. We have the benefit of his thoughts and his citation upon six subjects: the trees, the thunder, the clouds, the lambs, the berries, and the birds; the page being further adorned with a picture that has much exercised our imagination, of a little boy in white trousers violently whipping a top! In the same book there is another aged man, whose mind runs equally in one groove, namely, old Richard, who spends the whole of a long talk with Master Arthur, in telling him the "mistakes of Harry Ford, Mary Rowe, Madam Rice, Squire Smith, Morton the miser, and Andrew Rollins," after which he has apparently nothing to say, as the story abruptly closes with a text and a piece of good advice.

But enough of the clergyman and his substitute. We will now go on to the second of the characters in the children's books, namely, the parents or guardians. They are either good or bad. If bad, they never even by mistake speak a kind word, and they never do a kind action, even when it costs them nothing.* Finally they are reclaimed, or die a violent death. The good parent is, however, to the reader a far more unwelcome person than the bad one. He spends all his time in reproving the young. Now gently,

* *Vide* the wicked father in "George Hardinge."

now severely, he points out the sins and follies of youth, and wears his subjects threadbare in a manner both tactless and fatiguing. As an example, take Helen's father in "The Eskdale Herdboy." His daughter asks an intelligent question, thereby suggesting that all other young people are not equally sensible, so he says: "Many children are so foolish as to be ashamed to let those they converse with discover that they do not comprehend everything that is said to them, by which means they often imbibe erroneous ideas, and perhaps remain in ignorance on many essential subjects, when, by questioning their friends, they might easily have obtained correct information."

Nor have fathers a monopoly of tediousness; witness Mrs. Granville, in "Arthur Granville; or the Gifts of God." Arthur rashly exclaims: "Bedtime always comes too soon;" a remark which, seeing that he was, with his "mamma's permission," engaged in the "nice occupation" of searching for texts in which David "praises God for the weather," might have been looked upon as rather commendable by some people. But not so thought Mrs. Granville. "Rest is a precious gift of God," she whispered. "How many of your fellow-creatures are at this time, perhaps, longing to enjoy it!"

The same little boy is invited by "mamma" to spend half an hour in "talking of God's mercies." "I should like it very much," he replied. Could anything be more exemplary? Yet even this new pursuit earned him a lecture, for having next day brought his Bible into the room, keeping it behind his back, so that mamma should guess which of "God's mercies" he held in his hands, Mrs. Granville expostulated with him for two pages, beginning: "A less giddy humor would be more becoming at this moment. You know, my child, how I delight in seeing you cheerful at all times, and merry in your play, and that I do not at all object to a noisy game of romps at a proper time and in proper places; but sacred things, Arthur, should be treated with reverence;" and Arthur "needed no further reproof." Indeed, the temper of the children in these books is admirable in the extreme.

Aunts, too, can be quite as bad as fathers and mothers, as, for example, Aunt Esther, in "Aunt Esther and her Niece Jane:"—

"*Aunt Esther.* . . . how thankful we ought to be that we were born in a Christian land!

"*Jane.* If I were a lady, aunt, I would

go out to India, and have a school, and teach the black children myself.

"*Aunt Esther.* Jane! you are too fond of saying what you would do if you were a lady; depend upon it if you do not show kindness as a poor child, you would not as a lady; recollect that some time ago when Biddy asked you to help her with her reading you refused! Pray to God, dear child, to make you humble, and willing to do all the good you can to your school-fellows, and you may ask him to take pity on the little black children, and send out kind Christians to teach them to read and understand the Bible. This you may do without being a lady."

It is difficult to convey an idea of the tiresomeness of this style to those who do not read these tales for themselves. Such persons readily admit that passages of the kind we have quoted are terribly prosy, but they say, "It is not fair on the writer to pick out the one or two pieces of the sort from a book," and they refuse to believe that in some of these volumes the same strain is kept up from the first to the last page. We think that they would be convinced would they but read "Arthur Granville," though it is only fair to add that it is the worst specimen we ever came across.

3rd and 4th. "The Hero and the Hero's Friend." One might hope for some variety from this combination, but no! The bad boy, who, like his wicked father, is devoid of a single redeeming quality, has a friend who is almost faultless; whilst the good boy, who strongly resembles his virtuous but argumentative parent, has a friend whose disposition is one of unmixed evil; and thus all the latent possibilities are compressed into the smallest practicable space, and we get no more variety than if, having mixed black with white, we were afterwards to mix white with black. It is an unfortunate fact, and one certainly not foreseen by the writers of these stories, that the good people in their tales are nearly always so priggish and pedantic as to throw the sympathies of the reader on the wrong side. Who can do otherwise, than feel for the persecutors of Richard, in "Try Again," when we see him thus addressing his schoolmaster, who had been reciting fourteen very dull lines of Sylvester's on the spider: "I must trouble you to allow me to copy those verses when we get home, as I shall never look on a spider again without very great interest and delight?" and when we find him after apparently enjoying a long harangue from the schoolmaster, starting off

on his own account, and recapitulating one which he had received from him some time before, saying:—

"You lectured us in school upon sympathy, telling us that we were all brothers, and ought to help one another, and that being schoolfellows meant that we should have fellow-feelings; and then you went on to show that patience with one another's faults was a duty we were called upon to practise, and you appealed to our Lord's all-patient meekness and forbearance under the most severe and cruel injuries. When we were dismissed from school I went into my own little room and wept very bitterly, for I thought how often I had acted in a manner disgraceful to a Christian; and I prayed God to give me grace to conquer my bad tempers, and to enable me to repay evil with good." Such sentiments, of course, are very right and admirable, but any one who would set them forth in these balanced periods would certainly not find a congenial sphere in a boys' school.

But unattractive as the moral and excellent hero is, his right-thinking friend is still worse. He is generally an egotistical mortal, sadly needing to take example from Mrs. Barrett-Browning's Kate, who—

Never found fault with you,

Never implied your wrong by her right. . . .

He parades his virtues before the eyes of his companion, and offers ill-timed advice from his pinnacle of good sense and good conduct in a manner most certain, in real life, to drive his friend along the broad road to ruin. "Uncle Barnaby's Budget" offers two good specimens of this character.

"If I were you, Frank," said Arthur Longley, "I would certainly crop the ears and tail of that Shetland pony: he looks as uncouth as a hermit." [Are we to understand that hermits look "uncouth" in consequence of the length of their ears and tails?]

"Perhaps, if I were you," answered Frank, with a smile, "I should do so, but being myself, I think and feel differently, and therefore I act differently." [What could be more provoking? We can see Frank, and we hate his smile!]

"If I were you, Emily, I should be perfectly ashamed to be seen in that old velvet pelisse."

"Why?" inquired Emily; . . . "I am not aware of any disgrace connected with it; I came by it quite honestly."

We hope that in after years Emily mar-

ried the smiling Frank; they would have made a suitable couple.

We now pass on to the fifth and last of our *dramatis personæ*, the cottage visitor. She assumes different characteristics, according to the religious opinions of the writer. In the books of authors holding "moderate views," she flourishes largely and independently. Of course she is invariably an angel of light, always at hand to echo the clergyman, to back up the aunt, and to applaud the right-thinking friend; and she is generally of high degree, coming down from the hall to the village to dispense precepts and pudding, counsel and cough-mixture, and to be received everywhere with thanks, smiles, and blessings: for the literature of this particular shade of thought is pre-eminently the advocate of "ordering oneself lowly and reverently to all one's betters;" of walking like John, in "The Eskdale Herdboy," "near enough to speak to Mr. Martin, yet far enough behind to show his respect;" and of remembering, like Biddy in "Aunt Esther," "to be respectful to the gentlefolks, and to mind one's courtesies, and ma'ams and sirs." We will not attempt to decide whether it is the good advice or the good food dispensed by the ladies from the hall, which makes them so popular in the cottages: whichever it is, it must be something very acceptable to the poor, as it induces them to overlook the patronizing airs and fault-finding tone of their visitors. We cannot help thinking that Tom, in "The Eskdale Herdboy," must have had a recollection of plum-cake in the past or the anticipation of plum-cake in the future, when he calmly endured Miss Helen's reproofs, in the following conversation. Tom says: "It was Colly, poor fellow, that came and told mamma that daddy had fallen down." "Stop, Tom," cried Helen, "take care what you say; how could a dog tell anybody what had happened to your father? Do you know what a naughty thing it is to fib?" Tom's mother interposes, and explains that though her son should "perhaps not have used the word 'told,' as the dog certainly did not speak, but only barked," yet the substance of his remark was true; and Helen, after hearing the details of Colly's sagacity, observes, "I think, Tom, you meant to tell the truth, but my mamma always bids me be very particular how I express myself when I am relating a story, for fear of being misunderstood. If you had said Colly barked to let your mother know your father was

hurt, I should have understood you better and not suspected you of an untruth, which I am very sorry for having done;” and Tom, far from resenting the lecture, promises to come and see Miss Helen at the manse, and bring her one of his chickens.

In the Low Church publications the cottage visitor flourishes less frequently, and is seldom of exalted rank, the rich being looked on with suspicion, as savoring of “worldliness,” for which they are, indeed, occasionally, rebuked with the happiest effects by the aged cottager already mentioned. It is in the High Church tales that she has the most important functions, though in them she is a very different being from the kind lady of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. She never strikes out a line of her own, nor does she ever command respect from her social position, but she works in strict subordination to her parish priest, and earns the love of the cottagers by the unselfishness and devotedness of her life. She is the friend and teacher of the poor in health, and their nurse and comforter in sickness, and performs miracles in the way of influencing and improving them, as indeed she deserves to do, being almost the only character in these books that, though good, is not self-conscious and disagreeable.

So much for the *dramatis personæ* of the stories intended for poor children. We would now call the attention of our readers to some peculiarities of language and diction which we have met with in them. We have heard of late a great deal about “the music of the future,” and we think that some of these tales must be written in the “language of the future,” and be meant for children in those days of the “sweet by-and-by” when all boys and girls shall have passed “Standard VI.,” and be in a very different state of mental cultivation from any that they have reached at present. Of this description is “The Yews,” in which there is a passage on a certain “Mike’s” views of the duties of Christian friendship, which may perhaps come to be a standard quotation on the subject, about the year 1900. In this benighted age we fear few boys or girls will make much of them, but of this the reader shall judge. Mike “felt that those duties had to deal with the whole moral, intellectual, and spiritual being, and for the treatment of each of these divisions of that mysterious being he had his list of simples and febrifuges and strengthening

drinks, just as dear Mother Lawson there, in her patchwork-cushioned easy-chair, had for the many ails of the other great division,—the physical.” But in “The Yews” this beautiful language is not reserved for such elevated subjects as the duties of Christian friendship, the events of everyday life are described in the same strain. There is a fat old woman bent with rheumatism, of whom we read that “it was marvellous how she could maintain her equilibrium with that extraordinary gait and figure.” And this prodigy of female old age possessed several animals, whose pursuits are narrated in equally impressive terms. She had a turkey . . . “the martinet of the yard, who hectorated and domineered over everybody.” She had dogs which “barked little gala salvos,” and guinea-hens which “sounded strange muzzin cries” from the top of a chimney.

Another volume of the same class — though we are bound to say half a century older than those we have already noticed — is “Keeper’s Travels in Search of a Master.” Two children, with whom Keeper is taking a walk, fall through the ice into a pond, and the dog rushes home to fetch help. Struck by his manner, the company from the “parlor” follow him to the garden, recollecting that dogs never act thus without some cause; that “though they are not always competent to judge of the extent of the danger they apprehend, their vigilance may be relied on as unremitting, and their warnings regarded as useful, and that the sympathetic sensibility of their nature enables them to distinguish, owing to their intimacy with man, between his welfare and his disasters.” The children are rescued, but Keeper, though overwhelmed with gratitude and kind offices, resolves to continue his search for his master, which he pursues through manifold adversities. “He believed that his presence would remove all evils, for he remembered his kindness with enthusiasm and his capacities with admiration; and when you have blended benevolence with power you have made a divinity.” After one hundred and twelve pages of these long words, Keeper’s fidelity meets with its reward, and we cannot help regretting that his adventures were not related in a less antiquated and pompous style, for the story is in other respects pleasing enough.

We appeal to those who are in the habit of reading cheap stories for village children, to say whether our description of them is overdrawn, and we ask them, and all other persons who give such books

away, whether they would not gladly, if they could, see a considerable alteration in the style of their presents. The last defect which has been pointed out would be easily dealt with; but the graver faults, which were spoken of in the earlier pages of this paper, are far more difficult to remedy. It appears to us that the first thing to be done is for writers distinctly to keep in mind the difference between books wanted for the direct religious teaching, and those required for the amusement of the child, a distinction which we suppose is aimed at by the various "committees" of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, though it is not easy to trace the principle which guides these committees in their classification. The tracts intended for religious teaching should consist mainly of religion, with just enough narrative to prevent the young reader from becoming wearied, and the story meant for the child's amusement should be full of fun, incident, and go, with a cheerful, healthy tone, and in many cases with here and there a touch of religion, put in not "to do good," but because religion enters into the lives of most men, women, and children, and to exclude it would be as untrue to nature as to be constantly harping upon it, after the manner of the nauseous hero of the Sunday-school book.

Of the first kind there are plenty of specimens in the shape of stories of missionary labor; of neglected, unchristened children being taught and baptized; of lessons given in Sunday schools; of classes held for confirmations, etc. In such tales religious talk finds a natural place, and the only pity is that it is usually dry and uninteresting, not, to all appearance, written by one who is versed in the temptations and faults, the feelings, want, and sorrows of village children, or who has anything to relate which has been gathered from personal experience among them; but the work of some lady who is in need of a five-pound note "for charitable purposes," and who, having also a vague idea that she will improve some one by her book, sets herself to compose, in stilted language, ideal conversations between the teacher and the taught.

But those who are in want of books of the second kind will find the choice small indeed. From time to time we have found among the heap of trash, of which a parcel of children's books always consists, a few tales which rise somewhat above the usual level of insipidity, and here and there one which is deserving of higher praise. "Big

Bruce," "Rambles in the Far West," and the "Lives of the Two Stephensons," are specimens of this sort of happy exception, and would all be likely to interest and amuse a child. But, speaking generally, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that, if wearied out by milk-and-water theology, we determine to have at least one volume from which it shall perforce be excluded, the only safe course is to choose a story about animals. In "The Bantam Family;" "Patz and Putz, or the History of Two Bears;" and "The Topmost Bough" (which last has the further merit of being a charmingly written little tale), we know that the only possible rôle for the district visitor and clergyman would be to set traps for the bullfinch, to eat the bantam, or to be eaten by the bear; and, as we are firm in the conviction that they will be reserved for nobler things, we buy these books with a sense of safety and relief.

Now it is hard that writers, in their laudable desire to do good, should oblige us, by their dreary lectures and sickly morality, to seek in the farmyard or forest relief from the tediousness of humankind; and one thing is certain, as education increases, cottage children will become more and more intolerant of the kind of literature provided for their amusement; and if, in the absence of any wholesome reading, they turn to books and papers which lower and contaminate their minds, the fault will be less their own than that of the persons who offer them only the alternative of such mawkish stuff as we have been reviewing. We had occasion not long ago to spend an afternoon reading to a sick Etonian, the only available books being one of these foolish little works and the "History of Dick Turpin." Not without some misgiving, we began upon the former, but as every pious expression of the painfully good hero elicited shouts of "The ass!" "Oh, what a fool!" and other stronger schoolboy anathemas, we were obliged to fall back on the adventures of the notable highwayman, thinking that even that not very moral story was the least hurtful of the two; and the same feeling of aversion to these stories of perfectly impossible boys and girls will, we predict, be annually on the increase even among our cottage children.

It is certainly true, as the defenders of the present species of book observe, that it is not easy to make very interesting stories out of the everyday life of village lads and lasses; but it seems to us a most

erroneous assumption that no stories will be appreciated but those which are about children living exactly the same kind of life as that of the reader. Surely it would be good for boys and girls who have reached an age when new interests and wider curiosity may be awakened, to be occasionally taken out of the monotony of English rural life, and read of travels, sport, and adventures in foreign lands; or of the struggle and success of boys who have worked themselves up from the laboring classes, and made themselves a name among mankind. "Martin Rattler," by Ballantyne, and Smiles's "Men who have Risen," are books always appreciated by boys. Their size and cost prevent their being so widely known among them as they would otherwise be; but what is there to prevent that kind of story from being published in the tenpenny and shilling sizes which form the staple of school libraries and school prizes?

There is a crying want of wholesome literature adapted to the rising generation of the working population. Who will supply it? We appeal to two classes; first to those who have time and abilities and the pen of the ready writer; and to them we say, think it not beneath you to compose books for poor children. The task is no easy task, nor is it one on which your talent would be thrown away. It has been long enough in the hands of the thoroughly incompetent persons to whom it is at present almost wholly abandoned. Take up your pens, and let the test of what you write be whether you would venture to read it to a boy from one of our large public schools, or a girl out of a carefully managed schoolroom, for be sure that if they would make fun of your work, it is no more fit for the village child than for them.

And secondly, we would urge upon those who do not write themselves to keep a watchful eye on the books they give away; to cease accepting without a murmur from their publisher any trash that he chooses to send them; to make a stir in the matter, and insist on being furnished with something rational when they have to give away Christmas prizes or to found a village library. If those who can write better things would do so, and if those who buy would take care and procure those better things, the present race of authors would soon be driven from the market, and we should no longer see about us a style of literature for poor children which is a reproach to the age of mental and moral culture in which we live.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON SCENERY.

I AM never in a humbler, or, therefore, let us hope, in a healthier frame of mind, than when standing before a great landscape—a Claude, a Turner, or a David Cox. In a purely vulgar and Philistine sense, I rather "like pictures." My taste, it is true, is grovelling. I am afraid that I enjoy Hogarth a good deal more than Botticelli; and that I am apt to be extremely puzzled by the more subtle and mystical forms of art, evanescent graces and recondite harmonies. I like to have a plain, intelligible, downright mortal in familiar forms, as tangible as a proposition in Adam Smith. I would, therefore, no more attempt to criticise pictures than a deaf man should talk about music. Still I sometimes examine my own feelings as a man of science may derive true knowledge even from the humblest objects; and I have occasionally asked myself why should I suffer from this special insensibility to landscape? I flatter myself that I love a stretch of blue sea or misty hillside as well as my neighbors, and yet when I see them on the canvas of the greatest artists, I remain obstinately unmoved. I can see that the portrait is like the original; but it does not rouse within me the faintest shadow of the pleasure which the original gives.

In truth, the explanation is not far to seek. An artist can so incarnate his emotions in a picture of human interest that they become intelligible even to the stupid. It is not easy so to project them into a lifeless object as to pierce the thick hide of inartistic natures. A picture of the Virgin and Child may incline even a rough peasant to fall on his knees, because the artist's spirit of veneration is easily transmitted through a symbol which for many centuries has been associated with a special religious sentiment. The spectator knows at once how he ought to feel, and the particular work harmonizes with the appropriate emotion. And so, when a sculptor reveals a new ideal of perfect grace, or a portrait-painter gives the essence of a character, or a painter of incident shows the dramatic play of passion, there is no difficulty in understanding at least his general drift. I know the meaning of every face and figure in Hogarth's "Marriage à la Mode" as well as I know the meaning of every sentence in "Tom Jones," and Reynolds's portrait of Johnson seems to tell me as much about the lexicographer as a chapter of

Boswell. There remain indeed many curious puzzles as to the precise means by which the purpose is effected; it is not easy to understand how the hairbreadth difference in the curve of a lip, or a minute variation in the shading of an eye, should modify our views of the characters behind; but at least we can see why, in such cases, the painter and the spectator should come into relation with each other. They talk the same language; they have a common understanding as to the interpretation of mind from outward form; the spectator may catch the contagion of awe, reverence, love of beauty, or vivid interest in human passion, because those emotions can be woven into the very tissue of the artist's canvas.

But how can this be done in the case of landscape? Nature, in fact, is above all things indifferent. It is a vast mirror which reflects every possible mood; and, not only so, but a mirror, every part of which may reflect every mood. It assimilates itself with strange facility with all our feelings. It looks on with superlative calmness at every incident of human life, at our joys and sorrows, at festivals or carnage, the tumultuous excitement of crowds, and the lonely sufferings of hermits. The strange impossibility has an ambiguous effect. Sometimes we fix a private interpretation upon the writing of nature. The observer is moved by a sense of outward sympathy because the scenery brings back the memory of former sentiment. That is a frequent moral with Wordsworth, as in the exquisite lines, —

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirred;
For the same sound is in my ears,
Which in those days I heard.

And so, in the companion poem, old Matthew is moved by the recollection of his lost child by the sight of a cloud.

Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this, which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

It is the strange mixture of change and eternity; the everlasting flux of all things, everlastingly bringing back the same forms. The cloud does not remain fixed for one instant; it is the very symbol of change; and yet the old cloud seems to revive when the life, which had seemed so full and incapable of extinction, has vanished like the most evanescent wreath of mist. What perishes lives; and what lives, perishes. For Wordsworth, this is comfort-

ing, because it seems like a pledge for the eternity of the old tender emotion. It can be recalled to life when apparently lost forever. To Byron things show their reverse side. Nature is impossible and therefore misanthropic. The Waterloo corn springing up in the autumn suggests that carnage has no meaning for nature, except as providing a certain quantity of manure. The anguish of thousands of human beings makes no more difference to it than the destruction of millions of insects. A similar reflection is expressed with far more poetic force (for Byron's misanthropy is a little faded), by Mr. Carlyle. Speaking of the horrors of a scene in the French Revolution, he exclaims: "O evening sun of July, how, at this hour, thy beams fall slant on reapers amid peaceful woody fields; on old women spinning in cottages; on ships far out in the silent main; on balls at the Orangerie at Versailles, where high-rouged dames of the palace are even now dancing with double-jacketed Hussar officers — and also on this roaring hell-porch of a Hôtel de Ville." What, indeed, can the sun care for the perishing of the petty bipeds crawling on its infinitesimal satellite?

However expressed, the sentiment is too obvious not to have been embodied in the verses of every poetic writer who has an eye for nature. Nature, it would seem, has no meaning, or has every meaning. Since it turns the same face upon all our petty joys and sufferings, it is cruel and unsympathetic. It is alike under all our varying moods, and, therefore, says the more happily constituted man, it is always ready with a soothing anodyne for overstrained nerves. The permanent in nature, the heavens, the sun, the mountains which watch generation after generation with changeless eyes, are easily associated with the most prevailing mood, whatever it may be; and therefore turn one side to the optimist and the reverse to the pessimist. And still more we may associate our own private sentiments, varying indefinitely and capriciously, with any special phase of external nature. The deeper meaning, if it has one, is blurred or quite obliterated by some petty sentiment of our own. Emily Brontë seems to have loved the Yorkshire moors because to her they represented liberty and escape from uncongenial surroundings of her daily life. Smike, we may fancy, if he had grown up to manhood, would have loathed Yorkshire as the predestined site of Dotheboys Hall. Whole districts became flavored by an amalgam of associations formed in the re-

gions of the mind which lie below the current of our conscious life. I can partly account for my unpleasant impression of one of the noblest pieces of scenery in the world because it has got mixed up in memory with a cross-fire of tobacco-juice squirted from human mouths to the immediate neighborhood of my boots. I am unable to say distinctly why the Strand should have a touch of romance for me and Oxford Street be the incarnation of dreary commonplace, because the feeling was formed in days before conscious reflection had begun. Of all views that I have seen on land and ocean none is more impressive than a London sunset as I have seen it from Hyde Park, when a huge mass of lurid cloud is piled into more than Alpine magnificence over the west, when the murmurous city is shrouded eastwards by its sullen drapery of fog, and the Serpentine, ruffled by a steady breeze, looks wilder and more mysterious than a Highland loch. I have wondered why any one should seek elsewhere for the most impressive aspects of nature. But then I am conscious that my feeling is chiefly woven out of a hundred threads of half-conscious association which it is impossible to trace or unravel. When scenery is so much at the mercy of each man's fancy, it seems that it can have no single meaning for all. One man loves the sea and hates the mountains, and another reverses the taste. It is not that the sea or the mountains are intrinsically superior; but that one man is giddy in high places and another squeamish on rough water.

The language of nature, then, shall we say with association philosophers? is written in arbitrary characters to which each man can affix his own interpretation. Any vein of sentiment can be accidentally attached to any natural object. No inanimate object is beautiful or ugly in itself. Taste changes like the fashions. We love or affect to love wild scenery now as much as our ancestors hated it. The change is just as arbitrary as the abandonment of wigs, or the substitution of the chimney-pot for the cocked hat. All such tastes are matters of pure accident; the man who prides himself on feeling differently from others is a fool; and the man who affects to give reasons for his tastes is a charlatan.

This teaching undoubtedly shocks our feelings. We believe most resolutely that there is such a thing as intrinsic beauty in scenery. We do well to be angry with a man who is dead to the glories of the Alps; who, like the old baronet, prefers the smell of a flambeau at a playhouse to

the breath of a May morning in the country, and considers Charing Cross to be a nobler prospect than the Highlands. It is irritating to be contradicted on matters of taste. Even Shakespeare, the most tolerant of men, could not be content to pity the unfortunate being who had no music in his soul (probably because the poor man's hearing was defective), but proceeded to declare that such a one was fit for treason and all manner of wickedness. People are more vehement in such matters than in disputes about theology or politics, because reasoning is out of the question, and they are forced to supply its place by dogmatism. I admit that I should have a difficulty in allowing that any one is fairly to be called my fellow-creature who should speak disrespectfully of Mont Blanc. Still I do not see how we can escape from the conclusion that we ought to avoid bigotry even here, and deal tenderly with those who may have been misled by prejudices imbibed in infancy, or who happen to be moved by aspects of nature to which we are comparatively dead. They may be annoying, but they are not necessarily wicked people. We may cherish our own private prejudices, but we find it provokingly hard to justify them. Why is a man wrong who dislikes what we admire, and sees in a landscape just what the artist did not mean to express?

It would be agreeable to justify at least some little flavor of bigotry; if not to suppress all tastes but one, yet to show that there are certain limits which cannot be rightfully transgressed except under cover of some absolute physical defect. Half the pleasure of conversation upon any subject is destroyed when one is not allowed to regard a difference of opinion as indicative of some degree of stupidity, and more or less suggestive of moral obliquity. And, in fact, I think that it is possible to show that even in taste as to scenery there is a certain right and wrong in spite of the inevitable latitude of private judgment.

The obvious difficulty is the want of any assignable standard. When we are speaking of works of art, we see at once that there is a definite meaning in ideal beauty. A fine Greek statue, for example, may be regarded as the solution of a definite problem. Given human flesh and bones, how are they to be so arranged as to produce the maximum of strength and agility? A figure is perfectly graceful when it is so formed that it can walk, or run, or fight, or perform any athletic exercise better than any of its fellows. A movement is grace-

ful when some given end is accomplished with the utmost ease and precision. The excess or defect of power is equally painful to witness; and perfection is reached when the man, regarded as a machine, is so contrived as to apply just the right amount of power in the right place, when a given exertion produces the greatest effect, or a given effect is produced with the greatest ease. The ideal form includes, in short, the perception of perfect adaptation of means to an end. The end being given, we judge instinctively of the completeness of the attainment.

When, however, we speak of scenery it is impossible to suggest any such standard. As soon as we regard nature as a contrivance for securing our comforts, we pass from the æsthetic to the purely utilitarian point of view. Consider the moon simply as a lighting apparatus, and the stars as intended to fix the longitude and latitude, and they lose all their special charm of the infinite and mysterious. Natural objects are not really adapted to us, but we to them. They are symbols of the great external forces to which we must accommodate ourselves, and which therefore may serve innumerable purposes altogether beyond our power of imagination. The intense perception of this is precisely the very essence of what we call the love of nature. It is the strange and solemn delight which affects a reverent mind when impressed by its own insignificance in this vast and mysterious universe. The architecture of nature belongs to the romantic instead of the classical school. Instead of rounded symmetry and completeness, its glory is in the suggestion of innumerable meanings too vast to be adequately grasped, and too shadowy to be distinctly realized.

There is, it is true, a kind of equivocal sentiment which is sometimes confounded with love of nature. The agriculturist and the gardener take a very proper and healthy pleasure in looking at rich fields and gorgeous flower-beds. They measure the beauty of a landscape by the degree in which it has been thoroughly tamed and adapted to human wants. But between this view and that of the artist there is not so much a contrast as a complete divergence. One may love both a statue and a mountain; but the two sentiments appeal to different parts of our character. Now we ought properly to consider a field or a garden simply as a work of art. The raw material is less altered than in some other products; a garden differs less from a waste than a watch from the bare lumps of

metal from which it is formed; but in each case the excellence is proportioned to the completeness with which a definite end has been accomplished. It is a mistake to attempt to blend the two sentiments. Gardens which try to look like nature are generally very bad nature and very bad art. Sham waterfalls are as silly as sham rivers, and even more absurd; the artificial rocks which it was proposed to place upon the Thirlmere embankments would be the very acme of bad taste; no man can put himself in competition with the Supreme Architect of nature without appearing to be almost profane. What is artificial should be frankly artificial. For my part, I like a garden inclosed by rectangular walls, with straight gravel walks on a geometrical plan, with trees—not exactly clipped into the conventional peacock—but arranged so as to form distinctly artificial masses. Indeed, the most beautiful of gardens are generally good old kitchen gardens, which not only admit that they are disposed for an end, but admit that it is a utilitarian end. There is no nonsense about them; and beauty comes without being sought. Fine old apple-trees, lichen-covered, and with boughs bent by the weight of fruit, a thick undergrowth of stubborn currant and gooseberry bushes, the ground carpeted with strawberry-beds, walls covered with carefully trained fruit trees, showing luscious peaches and nectarines enough to satisfy the appetite of Dr. Johnson, and suggestive of standing to gnaw their sunny sides with your hands in your pockets—that is the kind of garden which is to me really beautiful. Every bit of ground has been turned to account; in every direction there is a long vista of objects delightful alike to sight, taste, and smell; the lazy humming of bees provokes to drowsy and luxuriant repose; there may be just room for an old well, with a lazy frog or two simmering in the water, a mossy dial, and a green, worm-eaten seat, where you need only just stretch out your hand to enjoy the finest, because most infantile, pleasures of the palate. No lawns or pastures or elaborate intricacy of paths can rival such a garden in beauty; and if anybody should deny that it is a poetical taste, he may read Marvell's poem, and learn to appreciate the true gardener's sentiment.

But by the love of nature we generally mean the entirely different sentiment which is provoked in the highest degree by such supreme excellence as the view of the Alps from the Lombard plain, by the Falls of Niagara, or a coast beaten by

the full force of the Atlantic. And in this, the very first element, the groundwork of the whole emotion is the suggestion, in one way or another, of the infinite. The object, whatever it may be, need not be of stupendous size; but, for some reason or other, it should carry us beyond ourselves, and make us think of spaces which the wearied imagination cannot follow without flagging, and of the forces which make us feel mere insignificant insects, crawling upon the rind of the monstrous earth.

It is for the want of this element that most English scenery is (I must confess) wearisome to me. An American who lands here for the first time generally admires the country because it reminds him of a garden. That is just why I dislike it. It is so pretty, small, and hide-bound — so thoroughly subdued by the labors of many generations, that one can scarcely conceive the very existence of cosmical forces. Man seems to have created the world. It is a mere passive instrument in his hands, as well arranged as a scientific museum. Look at one of those characteristic English landscapes which throw some people into ecstasies. The little hummocks that do duty for hills limit your horizon to some half mile in radius. As if to demonstrate the futility of the struggles of nature, they are cut up by hedges into little parallelograms, which scorn even to adapt themselves to the natural form of the ground. The British country-house in its ancestral domain is surely the very symbol of dull propriety. It is redolent of utter respectability, of dressing for dinner, and talking of the game-laws, and appearing in the family pew, and slaughtering partridges for want of rational amusement. A park is to a really noble landscape what the half-tame deer or pheasant is to the Alpine chamois or the condors of the Andes. If ever I hang myself, it will be to one of the ancestral trees, from the benevolent purpose of giving a little vague interest to relieve the dullness of the scenery. That there is a wealth of picturesque bits in such country, I willingly admit. They are admirably adapted for pretty little pictures, in which conventional rustics are making eyes at each other across a stile. But the picturesque is to me the deadliest enemy of the beautiful. It means a preference of oddity and eccentricity for its own sake; a taste for queer freaks of architecture and scenery, simply because useless; not as transcending mere utilitarian purposes, but as falling short of

them; and therefore an enjoyment of decay, or the merely pretty, which is incompatible with any serious or exalted sentiment. A masculine taste despises it as decidedly as a utilitarian ignores it. A love of the rococo may be pardonable in a drawing-room, but becomes offensive in the open air.

But, as these sentiments are little likely to be popular, I will add that there are parts of English scenery which I admit to be really beautiful. English mists give soft and melancholy effects, and cover up mean details with broad shadows and tender lights, which are grievously missed in the staring sunshine of less favored lands. And there are districts which are impressive in almost any light. I love, for example — though I fear that my taste is still eccentric — the scenery of the fens, and for a reason forcibly suggested by Mr. Tennyson. There

From the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky.

The long, straight lines of the "lodes," or great main drains, give at once the effect of boundless space. There are few more striking views of a kind than are to be seen on some of the reaches of the lazy Cam, where the eye wanders indolently along the straight lines of pollard willows to the dim margin, and descries far away the gray walls of Ely Cathedral, rising in hoary grandeur against the dim sky. Doubtless, the country was more impressive in old days, when the long flights of wild fowl were still to be seen cutting the air above the plashy swamps, and served to carry the imagination away to their remote haunts in unvisited wildernesses. But even at this day the far-reaching monotony of plain and sky has a singular plaintive music of its own. Perhaps the influence is most perceptible on a winter's evening, when the rivers and dykes are frost-bound, when you are borne rapidly homewards across the ice before a steadily blowing north-easter, when all the western sky is a vast flush of roseate haze, casting faint reflections upon the pure white snow, and between you and the sunset is an oscillating string of fenmen rushing forwards at full speed, and flinging back to you the long, ringing murmur of their skates. You seem to be jumping forwards into a dim, visionary world of twilight, full of tender colors and melancholy sounds, and stretching away beyond all boundary of space. Or, again, no scenery can be more impressive than that

of our wilder coasts. There is often a strange beauty even in the district where the tide leaves bare the vast sweeps of gleaming sand. But, of course, the noblest views are given by the granite cliffs that front the Atlantic. Stand, for example, in imagination upon that singular tower of rock which projects at the angle of the great bastion of Hartland Point. Let it be one of the lazy, commonplace days which are to be had in abundance at any time of year. You are at a height of some hundreds of feet above the sharp ledges, foam-fringed even in quiet weather. Three-fourths of the whole circle of the horizon is occupied by sea. From your advanced outpost you look east and south along vast ranges of cliff, where headland succeeds headland in interminable series, sinking into vagueness in the extreme distance. A few sea-birds are hovering and screaming in mid-air, and perhaps a passing raven just croaks out an appropriate sentiment as he floats past. Far away, the sail of a solitary fishing-boat suggests the dangers of the inhospitable coast. And, then, looking out seawards, you see vast shining levels gradually melting into broad shadows, and the shadows succeeded by more distant breadths of light, until at last the eye is carried to the remote band of haze, of which you cannot say whether it is sky or ocean. Inevitably you fall into the mood of the old discoverers, who, when the world was not yet mapped and measured, must have had strange dreams on such promontories of mysterious lands, placed far away beyond the sunset. The "Land's End" is one of the few popular names that has some touch of the poetic. It marks the spot, not by the name of some petty tribe or by some commonplace feature of the immediate landscape, but by reference to the vastest of terrestrial phenomena. It has an imperial or cosmopolitan sound, and recalls epochs in the world's history and landmarks in the conformation of the planet. If we no longer dream of Eldorado or the land of Prester John, the perpetual booming of the surf may suggest more widely ranging thought. As we see the huge wave, which has come to the assault some thousands of miles, gather itself together, gleam out as if lighted from within with the brilliant blue of the pure ocean, and then bound up the rocky escarpment to fall back upon its successor, we are conscious witnesses of the eternal strife lasting from the dim geological ages which shaped continents and determines the course of our petty history.

One other English district has peculiar charms for me, and illustrates the way in which sublimity of effect can be obtained by very humble means. White, of Selborne, if I remember rightly, speaks of the "stupendous mountain range" of the South Downs. The downs, however, scarcely make their appearance even in those ingenious diagrams which geographers place in the frontispiece of an atlas to contrast the relative heights of Mount Everest, and Skiddaw or St. Paul's. And yet there are few regions — scarcely even amongst those Alpine ramparts, which overlook hundreds of leagues of plain and hill — which give a more distinct impression of sublimity. It is owing, in part, to the inimitable delicacy of the long sweeping curves of the chalk formation. Loftier mountains have generally a serrated outline, and the chaotic ups and downs of commonplace English scenery are too uncertain to suggest any continuous design. But the huge backs of the chalk downs are defined by parabolic curves, as delicately drawn as the rounded muscles in a shapely limb. The successive ranges blend harmoniously with each other, with just enough contrast to bring out the continuity, so that the sight conveys a kind of physical pleasure in dwelling upon them, as the touch is gratified when one's hand passes over a gently modulated surface. There is no abruptness, no sudden break to arrest the eye, till one comes to the chalk cliff, where the momentary discord is resolved by the harmonious background of sea blue. Then, again, the broad open fields do not break the country up into the likeness of a chess-board; and the villages nestling in the little hollows, with their square church-towers and woods shorn level by the sea-breeze, do not interrupt the swinging curves of the hills, but, by their habit (as a botanist would say), strengthen the general sense as of a land welcoming with his whole heart the first incursion of the fresh ocean breezes. The faint gray-green of the springing turf, relieved at times by dashes of golden gorse, give a color in harmony with the delicacy of form. No forms could be better devised to give the sense of vast, continuous space. Even a pretty undulation may thus suggest infinity more forcibly than a mountain; just as a few gentle strokes at regular intervals set a chord vibrating, when much heavier blows, struck at random, produce only a momentary shock. The magnificent skies of the region, the broad masses of cloud that sweep in from the sea or pile themselves

in vast masses upon the horizon, gave actual movement and life to the scenery. The downs, one must suppose, are themselves motionless; but, under the blaze of the broad lights and shadows, they blend, separate, advance and retreat, rise and fall as restlessly as the sea waves, with which they have so close a sympathy. The downs, indeed, have a kind of terrestrial ocean on earth; the land, informed by the ocean spirit, seems to give a more forcible utterance to its voices. The stupendous monotony of the sea makes it undeniably dull, because the pretty fraction visible at any moment suggests little beyond itself; whilst the downs have the special merit attributed by critics to Turner of being able to suggest enormous distances and atmospheric depths within a few square inches of the canvas.

This may introduce a further canon. Scenery is fine in virtue of its remote suggestions. In these, as in all cases, the power of fine scenery is proportioned to its capacity for suggesting something beyond itself. It is (to speak mathematically) like a term in an infinite series, which therefore implies an indefinite vista of similar phenomena stretching unto the remotest depths of space. In a recent book, very charming in spite of its crabbed title, "*Physiography*," an eminent teacher invites us to place ourselves in imagination upon London Bridge, and shows how the sight of the moving river suggests question beyond question, which alternately take us back to the furthest limits of scientific knowledge. The imagination proceeds in the same fashion. The smallest brooklet has a peculiar charm, which we feel without caring to analyze. It is the universal and inevitable symbol of the mystery of human life; it is, as it were, the visible character in which nature puts the everlasting question, whence and whither? But even if this reflection does not rise to the surface of consciousness, rivers represent the soul or vital principle of scenery. That a term may suggest a series, if a part make us think of the whole, it must be in some sense intelligible. It must give the clue for further wanderings. In a commonplace country there is no suggestion of plan. The hills seem to have been heaped at random, like the mole-heaps in a level field; there is no apparent structure or organic arrangement. There is no reason, we think, why these little ups and downs may not go on forever, or leave off behind the near horizon. To make a fine scene, we require some principle of unity. The Alps seem to have suggested

to early travellers the mere ruins of a world; they were a vast, cheerless chaos of gigantic rocks, heaped together at random, and testifying vaguely to some stupendous convulsion. A scene thus viewed could really suggest nothing but horror, that kind of painful feeling with which the mind recognizes the hopeless jars and discords of incarnate disorder. Greater familiarity enables one to recover from the shock. The mountains become beautiful as they gradually form themselves into groups, as we begin to see how they rank themselves in varied ranges along the courses of the rivers, bend in gigantic curves round the frontiers of provinces and kingdoms, collect the springs which are to feed the rivers of a continent, and, though not arranged in mechanical and geometrical symmetry, yet form a kind of whole, definitely related to the whole European system. There is a pleasure in simply lying on one's back in some commanding shelf on the side of a valley, and indolently tracing with one's eye the slopes of the hills and the courses of the brooks, until one discovers the spontaneous harmony by which every meadow and mountain-side sends down its contingent of water to form the chief torrent of the valley. From being a mere disorderly mob, the mountains become an organized army with some mysterious community of purpose. This is one reason, perhaps, why there is always a special charm about the summit of a pass. A kind of meaning is suddenly revealed in the midst of wild confusion. Reaching, for example, the top of the Col du Géant, the masses of ice and rock that have been towering in meaningless disorder above your head suddenly fall into line. Symmetry springs out of confusion. The rocks show themselves as tall towers, arranged along the gigantic parapet which divides two contrasted regions. You are between the stern northern lands and the tender valleys of the south. The monstrous labyrinth becomes, in a manner, intelligible; it is the barrier between different climates, civilizations, and histories. Mont Blanc and its myrmidons have been looking down upon you in grim silence and desolation, like so many monstrous sphinxes; as you top the ridge, they seem to give up some part of their secret, and to say what it is that they are guarding, and why they have been doomed to couch forever in their mysterious isolation.

This sentiment betrays itself in our tendency to personify any impressive natural object. The mountains are impressive,

because they lend themselves to this fancy. An obscure paganism still lurks in our modes of conception, and it is impossible not to attribute some personality to each of the great peaks in value of its apparent character. The huge dome of Mont Blanc suggests a majestic, and, as it were, a metropolitan supremacy, as clearly as the dome of St. Peter's. You cannot look at the Matterhorn without a quick succession of such fancies; the sharp, sudden curve of its outline suggests at one moment the "rearing horse," the embodiment of tameless energy, of exuberant spirits; from another point of view it insists (rather unpoetically) upon putting on the appearance of a cock crowing defiance to the less audacious mountains; when a thundercloud gathers in its lee, above the ghastly precipices of the great accident, it seems to be scowling with diabolical fury; when gleaming in the saffron light of a summer dawn it seems to be plunged in tender musing, and regretting, like Tithonus, its isolation from the world below. And yet, through all changes of mood, it seems, like other mountains, to have a specific temperament of its own. It is not merely by reason of their names that the Jungfrau suggests purity and the Schreckhorn brutality; the Wetterhorn raises its crest with a certain air of aristocratic distinction; and the sharp cone of the Finsteraarhorn breathes a sentiment such as no one but a poet like Shelley could attempt to catch in words. To my mind even lower hills have each a character. I seem to have a personal acquaintance with Scawfell, and to sympathize with his contempt for the tamer Skiddaw; whilst the hills of the English lakes are incomparably more sympathetic to me than their brethren in Wales.

Perhaps this last prejudice is due to certain associations with Eistedfodds, and the like, not so agreeable as they ought to be to the uncultured Saxon. But all such imaginings are too fleeting and individual to express the more permanent elements of mountain beauty. They involve what Mr. Ruskin calls the pathetic fallacy, and represent at best a mere play of fancy akin to the higher imagination. To force any specific character upon a mountain is to deprive the scenery of that vague multiplicity of suggestion which is its peculiar charm. We must not lower the dignity of nature by attributing to it an individual character, nor supposing that any natural object exists only to influence our petty pastimes. The great wall of China is

doubtless an impressive object in its way, but its significance is exhausted when we perceive it to be the product of a struggle between pre-existing races. It is like the shell which a soft-bodied animal throws out for the protection of its body. But the great wall of the Alps or the Himalayas has created, instead of following, the distinction between the neighboring races. They form the mould into which the nations have been run; they are part of the everlasting framework whose existence outruns our own by indefinite ages, and which have determined the history of the lower organisms, as well as our own, and which may, possibly — who knows? — determine the fate of higher races yet to come.

This view, indeed, is pushed too far by our modern lovers of nature. They make a Juggernaut of the mountain spirit. The more savage and inhospitable the better. He should be represented, according to them, with a stony scowl, surrounded by the bones of victims, and without an ear for human prayer. Describers of mountains seem to take for granted that sublimity must be in proportion to the unreconcilable hostility to mankind of the object of their worship. Such a misanthropic sentiment may be natural in an inhabitant of the Chartreuse, but in ordinary human beings it seems to correspond to a passing phase of affected pessimism. Nature can only be interesting as in some way affecting human interests, and only agreeable as affecting them for good. Natural differ from artificial products, not because simply antagonistic to man, but as being dominant and supreme, instead of completely subjugated. The grandest scenery is not that from which man is altogether absent, nor that which he has tamed and broken, but that in which his victories have been won by submission. Art shows matter thoroughly adapted to human purposes, and nature man adapted to itself. The untamable and unapproachable should be represented sufficiently to prove the supremacy of the underlying forces, but not to exhibit them as purely hostile to our purposes. A mountain is the grandest when the mere barren wilderness of peaks rises above a region enamelled by the patient skill and industry of many generations; where special forms of social life have been developed in conformity with the inexorable conditions; where villages nestle in safe nooks, protected from avalanches and landslips; and slopes have been patiently

terraced, till cultivation has crept into every available corner; and wild torrents have been led in aqueducts to fertilize barren ground; where the architecture is adapted so nicely to the needs of the place that buildings harmonize with the scenery as lichens harmonize the colors of a rock; where the little paths, worn by the feet of many generations, have wound themselves into the most favorable lines more skilfully than if laid down by the most accomplished engineers. Nothing gives such interest to a wild gorge as the zigzags of one of the great Alpine roads, running its way cautiously and steadily, taking advantage of every projecting buttress or hidden gorge, or belt of hanging forest, and, foot by foot, winding upwards like a serpent. Artificial works jar upon the sentiment when they seem to imply that difficulties have been scorned, when, so to speak, the mountain has been carved against the grain; but when they show triumphs won by skilful turning to account of the apparently insuperable obstacles, they give light and meaning to the scenery. Who would not admit that the gorge of the Via Mala, or of the Devil's Bridge in the St. Gothard, or the cliffs of the Ghemmi, are incomparably more impressive by reason of the engineer's skill? A sudden fit of the spleen, or, on the other hand, the exuberance of youthful spirits or the delight in sheer adventure may induce us for a time to prefer the purely savage country; but those districts are most permanently delightful which point most forcibly the Baconian moral of man's conquest of nature by obedience to natural laws. There should, if one may venture to lay down a canon in such matters, be a sufficient reserve of inhospitable wilderness to emphasize the supremacy of nature, to give the impression of a boundless reserve of untamable vigor, but not so vast a stretch of solitude as to suggest a region absolutely cut off from human approach. The mountain should be crowned with the sternest diadem of rock and ice, but its feet should be covered with the mantle of rich cultivation. Hunters and travellers may love the illimitable wastes, for they are a thoughtless race; but ordinary human nature need not be reminded too forcibly of its insignificance.

The characteristic utterances of nature are the ancient commonplaces that we are very small creatures; that infinite worlds stretch beyond our perception, and yet that we can perceive enough to bewilder our intelligence; that our greatest works

are but petty scratches on the surface of a world, stupendous to us, and yet but an atom in a vaster system; that we are always in presence of forces which could crush us into dust, but which spare us for a brief space on condition of constant obedience to their laws. These are the commonplaces which have been expressed by thousands of moralists and religious teachers, but which come with perpetual freshness when uttered by the great voices of sea and sky and mountains. They may, as I said at starting, be terrible to one temperament as they are consoling to others. They may, like all else, be turned to account by pessimist or optimist. But to all thoughtful people they must at least be solemnizing. Nature lends itself more easily to the mood which dictated the "Penseroso" than to that embodied in the "Allegro." Nature is often calming, or rather it is the best of all sedatives, but it is scarcely favorable to high spirits. Petty cares and troubles vanish in the presence of the eternal and infinite, but any exuberance of exultation verges upon profanity. One may be physically stimulated by fresh breezes and genial sunshine, and one may forgive poets for welcoming the spring as the symbol of everlasting vitality. But there is even in the spring an undercurrent of melancholy to the eye "which has kept watch o'er man's mortality." The new life has to push its way through old decay. Shelley's lark expresses a joyfulness not, as he observes, to be shared by those who can "look before and after." And as, on the whole, one would prefer intelligence, in spite of the alloy of sadness which it brings, I confess that there is something irritating to me about the perpetual exuberance of a lark's spirits. What is there to make such a fuss about? One is disposed to say, "Do you suppose that this is the first occasion on which a primrose ever came out? Are you not aware that in a very short time you will have the cares of a young family on your head, and that at this very moment a hawk (as Sam Weller observed) may have his eye upon you, or that you may be destined to appear very soon in Leadenhall Market?" The world is surely not a place for incessant screams of laughter, or for making such a cacination whenever we come to one part of its orbit in space.

The most impressive sounds of nature have always in them a deep strain of melancholy. Wordsworth understood the voices of the hills better than any one.

The cry of the cuckoo or the bleat of the lamb is invested for him with a rich, mysterious melancholy. The true essence of the sentiment of lake scenery is compressed into the verses descriptive of the lake under Helvellyn :—

Here sometimes doth a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere.

Burns loved to walk under the lea of a wood when a gale was blowing, and to listen to the melancholy murmur of the leaves. And, indeed, the most impressive natural sounds are associated with the same vein of feeling. The moan of the wind and dash of the rain at night, suggestive of tempests blowing far out at sea and across desolate moorlands ; the "scream of the maddened beach dragged down by the wave ;" the murmur of multitudinous torrents in a mountain valley, rising and falling with every gust of wind, are the most familiar instances ; and those whose love of nature is the warmest will generally enjoy them in proportion to their sadness. Coleridge chose to deny, in spite of the general testimony of the poets, that there was anything intrinsically melancholy in the song of the nightingale. If, however, he was right, it only follows that a nightingale becomes impressive simply because the accident of his singing by night adds a factitious melancholy, and therefore gives a specific charm to his note. To me, I confess, there is something still more impressive in the unmusical scream of a sea-bird off a rocky coast. When nature speaks audibly it is almost always in plaintive notes, and the thoughtless exultation of singing birds in spring is but a solitary exception, and they remind me generally of animated musical boxes. There is a kind of impertinence in their ostentatious proclamation of domestic felicity.

This is, perhaps, a barbarous sentiment, and a final qualification must be added. As some have valued natural scenes in proportion to their misanthropic savagery, others can see in them nothing but an embodiment of sentimental gloom. But this is even a grosser misinterpretation of nature's sadness. The undertone is always plaintive, but the dominant harmony rather suggests stern and inspiring energy. Nothing can be more alien to fresh breezes and mountain torrents than the muddy melancholy of jaded appetite. We may, if we please, see nature in

a darkened mirror as one monotonous smudge, without form or sweet contrast. It may be represented as a shadowy garden of Proserpine, in which hope sickens and love decays. But, in fact, nature, though oppressed, is never maudlin. The fitful sigh of the wind and ceaseless murmur of the torrent are impressive because they live. They are unmistakable signs of life. The apparent repose is not absolute and final, or it would be death. The forces that have framed the world are still in action, as freshly as ever, carving mountain ranges and shaping continents, and producing fresh forms of multitudinous life. They are as the creaking and rattling of the "roaring loom of time" at its task of the perpetual weaving of the "living raiment of the Godhead." Who can listen unawed to the grinding of the infinite machinery of the material universe ? and yet who would not feel that in such a presence mere whining is futile and contemptible ? The universe has something else to do than to trouble itself about our valetudinarian ailments. The morbid and effeminate will be crushed to powder in the struggle, and used up, it is to be hoped, as material for higher natures. If the roar of never-ending struggle is sobering, or even saddening, it is as a trumpet call to whatever is manly and strenuous in our natures. The philosophy of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty" has been disputed, but its poetical truth is irresistible :—

Flowers laugh before thee in their beds,
And fragrance in thy footway treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens through thee
are fresh and strong.

The everlasting freshness of the universe, the perpetual triumph of life over decay, is the final meaning of the great spectacle of nature, and the most forcible stimulus to doing our part in the struggle.

From Fraser's Magazine.
AMERICAN MISSIONS IN TURKEY.

PART OF AN ARTICLE ON RELIGIONS OF
TURKEY.

THE Armenian Protestants form a marked exception to the general corruption and debasement of the Eastern Christian sects — the germ of a reform that may yet purify and regenerate the whole. Less than thirty years old as a legally recognized

communion, this little body has grown at a rate which in Christian history has had no precedent since apostolic times. Fifty years ago there was not an evangelical native Christian in Turkey: they now number about thirty thousand, with a regularly organized and self-supporting church system, served by native pastors, who in character and instruction may be fairly said to excel any other native clergy in the East. The movement of which this is so far the result began in 1832, when the agents of the American Board of Foreign Missions, who had for nearly ten years before vainly striven to gain a footing amongst the Greeks and Jews of the Levant littoral, turned their attention to the Armenians. Though fully imbued with the orthodox faith in the power of mere printed Scripture to work miracles in the way of conversion, they wisely supplemented the distribution of Bibles, Testaments, and tracts in the vernacular, by opening schools in Constantinople, Brousa, Smyrna, Beyrout, and elsewhere; and, without offensive efforts at proselytism, attracted hearers to simple expositions of what may be called catholic Christian doctrine. The result showed the wisdom of these tactics. The jealousy of the Armenian clergy was not at first excited; and while the free circulation of the translated Scriptures was for a time unopposed, the schools also rapidly filled with similar clerical sanction. The movement, however, soon attained proportions which alarmed not merely the Armenian but also the Greek patriarch, and both accordingly joined their influence to crush the dangerous revolution. Several of the native teachers, and other agents employed by the missionaries, were arrested and exiled by these dignitaries, and a violent persecution, by the free use of anathema and excommunication, was directed against all who accepted the evangelical heresy. The usual result followed. The very condemnation of the new doctrines provoked inquiry respecting them, and the wave of missionary success spread in Asia to Aintab, Aleppo, Kharpout, Sivas, Trebizond, Erzeroum, Diarbekir, Cæsarea, and other parts, with, it might be, only a few converts at each station, but every one of which became a source whence the reforming leaven worked out into wider fields. By 1849 the movement had obtained such a measure of success as warranted the missionaries in organizing a network of "churches" under native pastors specially educated for the work and supported by their congregations. Nor, as the joint opposition of

the Greek patriarch indicated, was it only amongst the Armenians that the reformed tenets made way. The orthodox pale also contributed its quota — considerable, though smaller than that of the Gregorians — to the roll of converts, who either formed separate congregations, or, where too few to do this, joined harmoniously with their Armenian fellow-proselytes. A year later, in 1850, the influence of Sir Stratford Canning induced the government to recognize the new sect as a distinct community, with complete independence of the two patriarchates, and a special *vakeel*, or civil agent, to represent it at the Porte. As will be inferred from what precedes, the form of church government in the new body is congregationalism, but several "evangelical unions" practically group the whole into as many presbyteries, and the missionaries, though claiming no authority, have still an influential voice in their affairs. The latest available statistics of the community east of the Bosphorus report seventy-four separate churches, with more than two hundred out stations, ministering, as has been said, to nearly thirty thousand registered Protestants, and supporting relatively more and better schools than any other so-called Christian communion in the country. Although as yet the smallest of the non-Mussulman sects of the empire, such a body — the growth of less than forty years — promises to be one of the most potent factors in both its religious and social regeneration. The comparative simplicity of its creed and worship, and the generally high standard of morality among its members, have done much already to give Mohammedan observers juster views of what Christianity really is, and to abate the contempt inspired by the corrupt and spurious types of it with which only they have hitherto been familiar. The movement of which these are only some of the results is largely indebted to the fostering care of the British embassy, but for the energetic protection of which it would probably have been strangled in its birth; but its success is primarily, and in a much greater degree, due to the American missionaries, whose "marvellous combination of piety and common sense,"* coupled with a zeal that in many instances has been nothing less than apostolic, has done more for the regeneration not alone of the Armenians, but of the empire gen-

* The Earl of Shaftesbury in the House of Lords, March 10, 1854.

erally, than the efforts of all other mission agents combined.

The Nestorians, a remnant of the ancient Syrian Church, rank next — though at a long remove — to this infant body of reformed Armenians in the simplicity and purity of their creed and ritual. They derive their name from Nestorius, a native of Antioch and patriarch of Constantinople, who was excommunicated by the third general council of Ephesus in 431, for, amongst other alleged heresies, refusing to the Virgin Mary the title of *Mother of God*, and for holding not only to two natures but to two persons in Christ. He himself denied both charges, but his rival and enemy, Cyril of Alexandria, by refusing to wait till the friends of the accused prelate reached Ephesus, converted the council into a packed tribunal, and Nestorius was condemned unheard. He was banished first to Arabia Petraea, then to Libya, and finally died in the Thebaid. His cause, however, having been ardently espoused by the famous school of Edessa and by several of the Syrian bishops, took shape in a new sect, which before the end of the century had so multiplied as to appoint the patriarch of Seleucia and to become the dominant Christian community in Persia. Between the fifth and eleventh centuries zealous missionaries spread the tenets of the sect through Syria, Arabia, Egypt, India, China, and Tartary, in the last of which the reigning prince, whose fame as Prester John has so long amused the credulity of Europe, is said to have accepted not merely baptism but ordination at their hands. Meanwhile the wave of Moslem conquest rolled east and north, submerging all rival creeds in its course, till finally, about 1400, Tamerlane trampled out nearly all remains of Nestorian Christianity in Persia, and this once great community gradually dwindled to the poor proportions in which it now survives in eastern Kurdistan and on the plains of the Tigris beyond Mosul, with a variously estimated total of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand members.* They are a simple, patient, and laborious race, who have suffered much from their barbarous Kurdish neighbors and from the misrule of the authorities on both sides of the frontier. Those of them who

inhabit the Tyari country — the chief centre of their population — are, however, but little more civilized than the nominally Mussulman tribes around them, and, when they can, avenge their wrongs by reprisals as savage as the raids that provoke them. The hierarchy of the sect consists of a patriarch (who bears the title of Mar Shimoon, and resides at Asheetha, near Julamerk), eighteen metropolitans and bishops, and an unlimited number of archdeacons, priests, and deacons. The incomes of the whole of these are miserably small. That of the patriarch is derived from a poll tax of about 3*d*. a head on the adult males of his own diocese, and a tithe of the "first-fruits" presented yearly by the people to their respective churches throughout the patriarchate; besides which he sometimes commutes for money fines the much-dreaded sentence of excommunication, with which serious offences against either Church or State are generally punished. The metropolitans and bishops levy a similar tax, and at harvest time receive small voluntary gifts in kind; while the three lower grades — who alone may marry — are dependent on trifling fees and labor help in cultivating patches of ground. The office of patriarch is hereditary in one family, and both its incumbent and the metropolitans and bishops are rigorously prohibited from tasting animal food. As regards the precise doctrines of the sect there is, in the absence of any standard confession of faith, considerable difference of statement among writers on the subject.* It may be broadly said, however, that while they hold the duality of both the nature and person of Christ they reject the *filioque*, and abjure auricular confession, image-worship, belief in purgatory, and most of the other distinguishing dogmas of the Romish Church. They have, however, many rigid fasts, pray to the Virgin Mary and the saints, and attach great efficacy to the sign of the cross. They had anciently seven sacraments,† but many of these have fallen into disuse. The eucharist is administered to adults in both kinds, and is regarded with none of the mysterious sacredness of the mass. Their church services also are very simple, and the liturgy, though written and read in ancient

* Gibbon says three hundred thousand, but later estimates reduce this computation by nearly one-half. In addition, however, to these Turco-Persian Nestorians, a strong colony of the sect, reckoned at one hundred thousand, has long been settled on the coast of Malabar.

* Dr. Badger's learned and elaborate work, "The Nestorians and their Ritual," is perhaps the most authoritative exposition of both the dogmas and church services of the sect.

† 1, Ordination; 2, baptism; 3, the eucharist; 4, marriage; 5, the oil of unction; 6, the holy leaven; and 7, the sign of the cross.

Syriac, is explained by the priest in the vernacular, a dialect of the old national tongue. And, finally, caring little for councils or canons, they hold to the Bible as the ultimate rule in both faith and morals.

This primitive simplicity of doctrine and ritual has not, however, saved the sect from the common misfortune of internal dissension and schism. In 1551 a dispute about the election of a patriarch split it into two factions, the weaker of which transferred its allegiance to Rome, to which a small colony of the sect settled in Cyprus had already been gained over more than a century earlier. It was not, however, till 1681, when the bishop of Diarbekir, having quarrelled with his patriarch, similarly seceded and was consecrated by the pope patriarch of the "Chaldean Church," that the schism assumed the definite shape it has since maintained. This name "Chaldean" is often erroneously applied to the whole Nestorian community, though properly belonging only to these papal proselytes from the parent sect. Dr. Badger reckons the total number of these Papal Nestorians at twenty thousand, scattered over a large surface of country, extending from Diarbekir to the Persian frontier, and from the southern Tyari country to Baghdad. It was not till 1845 that they were recognized by the Porte as a separate community, but in that year their primate, with the aid of the French embassy, obtained a firman acknowledging him as patriarch of the new sect. Their official relations with the government are, however, still carried on through the United Armenian patriarch at Constantinople. Besides the patriarchate, their hierarchy comprises eight bishoprics, and their lower clergy, like that of the orthodox Nestorians, includes the three orders of archdeacons, priests, and deacons, the whole of whom are supported, like those of the parent church, by a small capitation tax, some trifling fees, and voluntary offerings in kind from their people.

In connection with this sect, again, the excellent work of the American missionaries calls for special mention. In 1834 the Boston Board opened a station at Oroomiah, on the Persian side of the frontier, and two years later Mr. Perkins, the first agent, had so far mastered the then unwritten vernacular as to reduce it to writing. Ten years later he completed a translation of the New Testament into the vulgar dialect, to which, in 1854, he added a similar version of the Old Testament,

both of which were printed for the first time at the mission press from type modelled from the best Syrian manuscripts. Many thousand copies of other elementary works were also printed and circulated, and schools were opened in Oroomiah and all the larger villages of the plain and the adjoining hill country, the object here again being less to proselytize than to educate the young and civilize the adult population. A personal visit to Oroomiah some years ago enables me to testify that in both directions the result has well repaid the zeal and labor employed. Later at Mosul, Mardin, and Diarbekir I witnessed similar fruits of the excellent judgment with which other agents of the same board have labored among the Chaldeans and Syrian-Jacobites of the middle and upper Tigris valley, seeking there also, by the force mainly of education, rather to reform than to "convert," and, although here opposed by the papal missionaries — whose devotion and energy also compel admiration — exerting a marked and most salutary influence on both the religious and social life of the people.

From The Saturday Review.

THE BISHOPS AT LAMBETH.

WE noticed an argument not long since to the effect that, if the Liberation Society did not make great haste in disestablishing the Church, the obnoxious body would grow past disestablishing from becoming so interesting. We apprehend that it is equally becoming terribly practical in a direct sort of way which must be peculiarly irritating to the patriots who have so long been discounting their shares in its residue. Its latest act will, we fear, exhaust the patience of its enemies, for it is committing the high offence of taking an unusual amount of trouble in an almost unprecedented fashion for the more efficient transaction of its domestic concerns. Ramifying as it does by offshoots and affiliated bodies over every quarter of the globe, it has taken upon itself, just as if it were some Oddfellows society, to call together all the representatives of its governing class who cared to, or who could, come to London, to discuss neither the home nor the foreign policy of monarch or president, but, absolutely and without ambiguity, the means of strengthening and of extending its own institutions on its existing and recognized basis. Such very

unheroic conduct is a sore trial to its sensational friends no less than to its melodramatic enemies. The Lambeth Conference declines either to be the author of any new Church or the confounder of an old one; while its contingent from the United States has come over with about as much desire to persuade the lordly prelates of the Establishment to seek the glorious liberty of the great republic in which all sects are equal and unrecognized, as the Archbishop of Canterbury has to send his advice to President Hayes to include the recommendation of an act of uniformity in his next message. We believe that the possible criticism on the proceedings of the conference may be, that they do not show results adequate to the trouble and expense at which its members must have been put in coming together. This shortcoming, if it exists, will to be sure be chiefly interesting to the persons directly concerned; but we fancy that the answer would be that, as in many other cases, the gauge of success counts quite as much in the proved possibility of the event as in the details which composed it. The Church of England in its widest sense is emphatically the representative of influence. It rules by influence, and influence moulds its rulings. It exists all over the world under the most varied internal conditions. In England it is an estate of the realm and a powerful factor in the daily life of the nation. In Scotland it reappears as a dissenting sect, comparatively scanty in numbers, but powerful by the social position of its members and the culture of its teachers. In Ireland it is to be found in the peculiarly Irish condition of a body virtually re-established (though with stunted revenues and diminished pomp) by the very act which purported to disestablish it. In the United States and in the colonies generally it is neither dissenting sect nor establishment, but one of an unlimited number of co-ordinate religious bodies. Yet, in spite of all these apparent differences, each section finds itself at one with the others on such broad questions as organization, belief, and general scheme of worship. This is no doubt very provoking for the high legal theorists who refuse to accept the Church of England except in the shape of a creation of municipal law, and who declare themselves unable to conceive any bond of union which has not been positively enacted. As, however, the people who would be the first to notice the absence of any such connecting link are fully persuaded

of its existence, we can but conclude that, although it has no claim to existence, yet the proof of that existence is in its presence.

It seems like retailing truisms to insist upon the infinite variety of conditions under which the administrators of such a system are compelled to fulfil duties often differing in kind rather than in degree. But it is necessary to realize and work out, and not merely to apprehend, the fact, in order to grasp not only the reason why the Lambeth Conference has been convoked, but the process by which it can healthily fulfil its accruing duties. It is a trite remark with those who know how the House of Commons really transacts its affairs, that a large portion of its business — totally unknown to the public, and incapable of measurement — is whispered out by little knots of members up and down the lobbies. The same fact must, far more emphatically, stand true of a gathering of men brought together from the ends of the earth, not to sit on opposite sides of a floor and follow the whip, but every man for himself, with a like sense of responsibility, to advise and be advised. The best host is the man who most cleverly introduces his guests to each other; while, with such a body as the general Anglican Church, an introduction all round is well worth the expenditure of time and means necessary to compass the result. No bargain may then and there be struck between new acquaintances, but the process of friendly shaking together imperceptibly begets confidence, and smooths the way to the future inception of profitable business.

Different parties in what agitators are fond of terming our Zion are busy forecasting the gains which they expect to secure from the conference. The Liberationists, in particular, speculate upon the sapping process to which they believe the old citadel of the Establishment will be subjected from these Ghorkas of the free Churches whom it has recklessly invited into the privileged domain. We are satisfied that the grievance-mongers will find themselves thoroughly astray in their calculations. No doubt the experience of unestablished bishops struggling for great ends with scanty means will be tonic and instructive to their compeers at home, who know themselves to be virtually as unestablished, and practically as impecuniose, at so many points of their teeming sees. But there is something to be learned and treasured on the other side. Those unes-

tablished bishops know how powerful is the support—all the more powerful because so often indirect—which they receive from the stately relative at home. It is the old story, very familiar in novels, and yet frequently to be found in real life, of the big house which has sent off its younger sons to fight their way across the sea. They value their own independence; but they would struggle to the death to keep up the old manor, which is to themselves so often a harbor of rest. The self-sustaining churches are not merely indebted to home for the hard cash. Endowment has bred learning and culture, of which they know themselves to be reaping the fruits. The theology of Oxford and Cambridge nourishes the teachings of Australia, Canada, and south Africa no less than of Minnesota and Nebraska. The architects of London build the churches which serve for the congregations of those far-off regions, or else furnish models which may be copied with a pardonable breach of copyright. Fantastical innovators are easily put to silence by the observation that, if they persist in seeking out quagmires for the pasturage of their bewildered flocks, the shepherds at home will leave the silly sheep to scramble out as best they may.

Some prosaic theorizers have devised an opinion that the reliance of the independent communities upon England might be regulated and strengthened by declaring that the Archbishop of Canterbury was a patriarch, and Lord Penzance, we suppose, family lawyer all round. This would simply be one of those stupid devices by which matter-of-fact pedants are so prone to spoil delicate arrangements which are valid in proportion to the silence with which they are accepted. Such a suggestion would breed the maximum of inconvenience on every side. It could not be pressed without stirring up all the pugnacity inherent in men who have had to fight (however succored) for their position, and if it were carried it would hopelessly embarrass the position of the Church of England and its dignitaries in England. That body, in those legal and external conditions in which it is brought into direct contact with the civil polity, exists—now that Ireland has been withdrawn—as the spirituality of two provinces which are generally conterminous with England and Wales. To be sure co-operation with the other churches of the same communion has been made possible by various measures of wise legislation, and the Establish-

ment can give and take bishops, priests, and deacons to and from them. But the general framework is unchanged. If, however, the primate of all England were once formally invested with a more than primatial dignity over all the quarters of the world, susceptibilities would be roused and questions asked which would more probably be answered to the disadvantage of the primacy than to the exaltation of the patriarchate. The true controlling and regulating influence which the old Church of England ought to retain over the new Churches of the colonies and the United States resides in its own hereditary and long-garnered advantages, and in the public opinion that those younger members of the family can only continue to enjoy the benefits of participation in the ancestral store by cherishing the affection which is consistent with self-respect, and the deference which springs from good feeling and reason.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

HOW THREE PRINCESSES PURCHASED A PALACE.

FOR some time past we have heard that things were taking a turn in Egypt; that the khedive had been brought to see the error of his ways; that the judgments of the courts were being enforced even against his Highness himself; and that the era of payment of just debts had succeeded the laxity of universal borrowing. All this was very pleasant to know, but it scarcely prepared us for the extraordinary arrangement which it appears the khedive has now sanctioned. That an oriental potentate should forego his imported opera, cut down the number of his ballet-girls, and even desist from those ordinary extravagances which had become a second nature, is in itself highly creditable; but that he should sell a favorite palace is an effort of self-denial which seems almost incredible. Therefore we desire, in justice to the khedive, that it should be known that he has sold his palace of Ramlah for the benefit of all and sundry. How far and yet how near that benefit extends will appear from the official record of the transaction. For years past his creditors have been assured that they should be paid so soon as his Highness could realize his private property. Seeing that this property, which on his accession consisted of only thirty thousand feddans of land and one palace, has

since grown to one million, two hundred thousand feddans (or about nine hundred thousand acres) of land and some forty palaces, it would appear that here there was security enough, and that the realization would produce ample funds to satisfy all comers; or, failing reimbursement in cash, they might under judgment of the European tribunals attach the various properties for their benefit. Nor could the khedive escape from his just obligations by illusory donations, seeing that under Article 74 of the civil code actually in force "none can make a deed of gift to the prejudice of his *bond fide* creditors." So the khedive has sold the Ramleh palace for the sum of £300,000, Egyptian gold money. "The purchase is a *bond fide* and legal purchase" — so runs the deed of transfer; and the sale is, if possible, still more complete, for it is "effective, undoubted, operative, good, for full consideration, and equitable, free from mortgage, debt, or recourse, not open to misunderstanding, excuse, or pretext of avoidance on the part of the contracting parties." Never was Arabic deed drawn more stringently. As to the right of the khedive to sell this his palace in virtue of its being absolutely his, that point is set at rest by reason of three enactments of various dates, to which due reference is made. Nor can there be any question as to the value and extent of the property so disposed of; for an elaborate description of the palace and its belongings, its gardens and other surroundings, is fully set out. Its situation and its limits, its exits and its entrances, its offices and outhouses all appear in the deed; and no exception can hereafter be taken on the ground that the purchasers were not sufficiently informed as to the nature of their purchase. But perhaps there was no necessity for this elaborate detail, seeing that the palace of Ramleh was bought for the sum above-mentioned "on account of their Highnesses, the glory of their species, the faithful and high-minded princesses Chohra Hanem, first wife of his Highness the khedive of Egypt; Hanen, the second wife of the aforesaid; and Gachem Akat Hanem, the third wife of the same exalted personage." Under ordinary circumstances we might stop here to consider where these great ladies could have amassed so large an amount in cash as the £300,000 purchase-money, or what rate of interest they might have to pay for the advance. But he is little versed in Oriental

literature who knows not that it is at such a period as this that the true generosity of the Oriental potentate makes itself felt. How could his Excellency Ismail Pasha, the khedive of Egypt, consent, after he had disposed of his palace, to accept such a sum from his own wives? Never should such a slur rest upon his name. So we are further informed that "his Excellency Ahmed Bey, in his capacity as legal manager of the khedive above-mentioned, being in full possession of all his intellectual faculties and all due conditions required by the law," has "of his own motion filed a true, legal, voluntary declaration" to the effect that in virtue of the powers conferred upon him he releases the aforesaid princesses from the payment of the sum of three hundred thousand Egyptian pounds. Such release is "entire and absolute," and the three illustrious ladies are forever absolved from the necessity of finding the purchase money. His Excellency who represented the princesses gracefully accepts this release on their behalf, and covenants for himself to hand over the palace of Ramleh and all its belongings to his clients the purchasers at no price, in accordance with the agreement. Once more is it repeated that by reason of the considerations set forth the three princesses become the absolute possessors in fee of the palace and its grounds, and must pay such taxes as are levied upon it. So ends this important contract of purchase and sale. Article 74 of the civil code still remains intact; but a purchase has been arranged and a sale effected without a price, to the advantage of those of his wives whom it pleases the khedive to honor for the purpose. But the khedive has many wives, more children, and a host of slaves. A succession of such contracts would very completely dispose of his whole property (Article 74 notwithstanding), of which the creditors might fail to see the joke. But this would be to enter on the serious side of what we are content for the moment to regard as one of the most amusing transactions we have ever read or heard of. It is clear that a humorist of this description needs watching; and if the joint commissioners, or others appointed to see justice done, are unable to find some equally jocular means of setting aside this bargain, and of replacing the palace of Ramleh at the disposal of those whom the khedive is anxious to defraud, they must be very deficient in the sense of fun.

From The Academy.

THE WILL OF PETER THE GREAT.

In the April number of the *Deutsche Revue* Prof. Harry Bresslau discusses the question of the authenticity of the so-called will of Peter the Great. The existence of a document corresponding more or less with the current texts of this enigmatical programme of Russian policy was asserted in the last century. Nothing can be more precise than this extract of a report from Podewils to the great Friedrich, lately discovered in the Berlin archives, in which the Prussian minister speaks of a conversation with the Russian envoy: "Kaiserlingk told me that he remembered to have seen an autograph manuscript of the deceased Czar Peter on the fundamental maxims of his house, in which his successors were recommended to maintain friendship with Prussia." The Berlin archives also contain a report of a Baron Leutrim's conversation with Friedrich in 1754, when the king reminded him of the will of Peter "of glorious memory." Further, in 1798 Friedrich Wilhelm gave his ministers a memorandum which he said had been laid before the French government by one Sokolnicy, who professed official connections with Poland. This paper included an approximate text of Peter's will written from memory by the Pole after a perusal of the original, which he said was in the secret Russian archives.

These facts, or shadows of facts, were cabinet secrets till the year 1812, when M. Lesur, a clerk in the French foreign office, published a large book, written from the Urquhartite or Rawlinsonian point of view, on the progress of Russia, which gave—without any other explanation as to authenticity than a mere "we are assured"—not a will, but a "résumé of a plan" sketched by Peter. Whether or not Lesur really wrote, as is said, by order of his chief, the Duc de Bassano, the circumstances of the publication, coinciding as it did in date with Napoleon's invasion of Russia, seem suggestive of a "tendentious" stroke of official French authorship. This point was argued by Berkholtz, of Riga, whose "*Napoléon I. auteur du testament de Pierre le Grand*" was an ingenious attempt to show, by the light of the "higher criticism," that the supposed will was written, not by a member of the Orthodox Church, but by a Roman Catholic, who was no other than the French emperor. A new phase in the history of the text, or rather description of the text, of this sub-

jective document, was reached when Gaillardet published his romantic life of the famous epicene diplomatist, the Chevalier d'Eon, who, according to the veracious biographer, had found in the Peterhof archives (which never existed) a true copy of Peter's will. Gaillardet professed to have worked in the French archives, and Bresslau maintains that his text of fourteen articles was concocted either from Lesur or from the papers on which Lesur worked.

If our confidence in the penetrating power of the critical microscope were up to the German level, we should attach decisive importance to the elements indicated in the evolution of Peter's will. The internal evidence against the authenticity of the document is strong. The phantasmagorical character of its recommendations and historical visions strikes us as hardly compatible with the cool, reasoning character of Peter, while it lies suspiciously open to the charge of containing *vaticinia post eventum* in such articles as those advising Russian marriages with German princesses, and the maintenance of anarchy in Poland in order to the eventual partition of that republic. Article 5, suggesting the union of Russia and Austria for the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, seems to be an allusion to the alliance of Catherine and Joseph. Article 14 is the rhapsody of a diplomatic maniac, especially where the imaginary successor of Peter devours all Europe by letting loose "a swarm of his Oriental hordes and greedy nomads" on Italy, France, the Rhine, etc., so as to deport the inhabitants of those parts in the most correct Accadian or Ninevite style to the depths of Siberia.

Professor Bresslau thinks, on the whole, that some *Urtext* of the will was made up by anti-Russian Poles about 1790, that this got into the hands of the French government, and was afterwards touched up by Napoleon. The hypothesis is simple and likely: but the probable has not always happened; and this explanation does not sufficiently connect our canonical document with the statement of Podewils. We must add that Prof. Bresslau has not exhausted the last-century evidence on the subject, and that Fourmestreaux ("*Etude sur Alexandre II.*") gives a text differing again from those named above. A recent French pamphlet, "*Les auteurs du testament de Pierre le Grand*," has been attributed to M. Thiers.